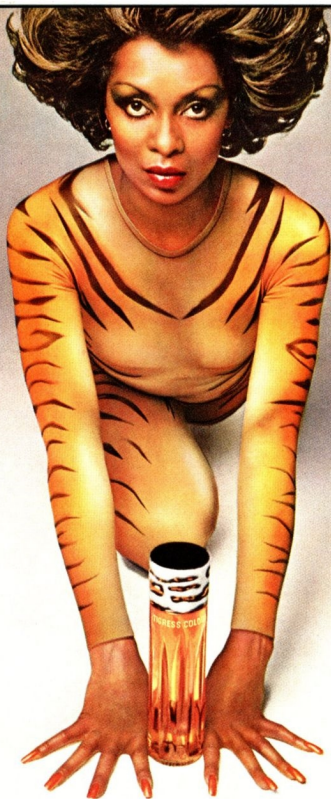


TIME

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Mrs. Susan Blake
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from the first."**

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3. "The water sprays from the top, bottom, and middle. When I put my dishes in, I know they're going to get clean."



5. "I like it so much better than my previous machine... I wish I'd had a Maytag Dishwasher from the first."



2. "So we put in a Maytag Dishwasher. I didn't know what I was missing before."



4. "I put in glasses with a milk ring around them, and they come out really clean."

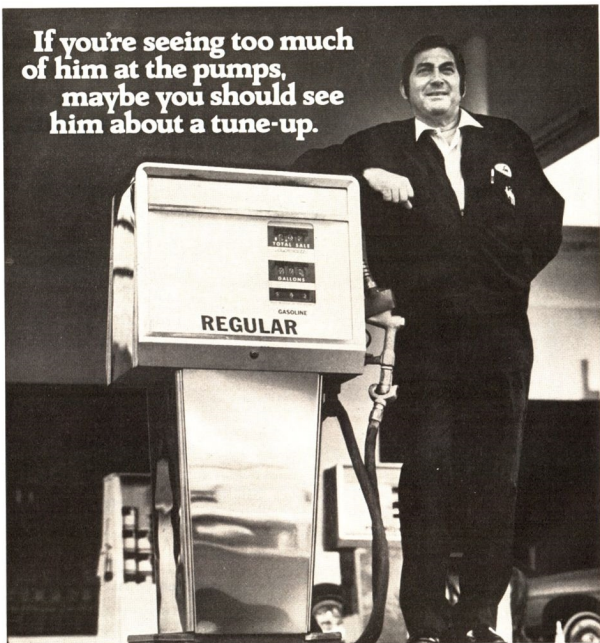


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Trumpets for Sarah Terrific

To the Editors:

It seemed like forever, but you finally broke down and put someone worth noting on your cover [Nov. 10]. She's not a current or fallen leader, foreign oil baron, natural or man-made disaster, lunatic with a gun or expert on war.

Sarah Caldwell is someone who is contributing to the sane side. Terrific.

Kimberly A. O'Neill
Luxembourg

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." Sarah, you are beautiful.

Margaret Pavlik
Minneapolis

I am proud to see women take their place in music. However, one cannot re-



gard Sarah Caldwell as anything but a big blob of blubber.

Mrs. Henry Koehnlein
Waukesha, Wis.

The English teacher in me knew that marvelous face right away. She stepped right out of Dickens.

Steve Campbell
Studio City, Calif.

A striking resemblance to Ben Franklin.

Ted Kreis Jr.
Grand Forks, N. Dak.

Lolitas they're not, but if Joan Sutherland and Sarah Caldwell really gave the first U.S. staging of Bellini's *I Puritani*, they'd have had to be in Philadelphia in 1843.

Alan Rich, Arts Editor
New York Magazine
New York City

To Sarah Caldwell, "Bravissima!" Your cover story on this impressive artist has long been overdue as have

all other accolades for her performance.

Now for an impetus to furnish Ms. Caldwell with what she so justly merits—her own opera house.

Lynda C. Honour
Boston

Green Moon?

The assets of the "Reverend" Sun Myung [Nov. 10] suggest that the Moon is made out of something green.

Michael Alan Novak
Detroit

It is true that the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's movement may lead to personal, familial and social tension and change because of its moralistic ideas, but to suggest that this tension is unwarranted is irresponsible.

Steven R. Reuman
Los Angeles

New Jersey Insurance Commissioner James Sheeran is right. We need laws to protect us from all proselyting cultists, including the most disgusting fanatics of all—Christian Fundamentalists.

Steven Perry
Emporia, Kans.

I lived in a Moon community once and moved out, not because of any brainwashing but because I began to realize the heretical nature of their beliefs, in relation to Christianity. I think we should be careful, while shouting "Antichrist" and getting upset at the "abduction" of young people, to realize that they are some of the most loving, intelligent, talented and caring people I know. They are searching hard for some eternal values in a chaotic world.

Pamela E. Guley
Richmond Beach, Wash.

Jerry's Juggler Vein

All Gerald Ford has done in his Cabinet juggling act [Nov. 17] is to silence disagreement. President Ford has got

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"his team" now, but it is a team that will speak with one voice: that of Henry Kissinger.

Douglas Burkhardt
Ashland, Ore.

President Ford fired the wrong man. Schlesinger has been a perceptive critic of détente; Kissinger, the architect of that policy. Détente is surrender to the Communists on the installment plan.

Larry Bauer
Cleveland

We need a strong United States. Some day President Ford will regret his dismissal of a strong and honest man like Mr. Schlesinger. I hope the voters will remember this tragedy in 1976.

Peter Gorke
Kiel, West Germany

Super Sidey

Hugh Sidey must be a classical playwright or a modern anthropologist or both. Neither Shakespeare nor Robert Ardrey could have done a better job depicting the court of Gerald I [Nov. 10].

José Figueres
San José, Costa Rica

We Donkeys, You Jackasses

In the old joke, it took three people to change a light bulb (one to hold the bulb while two turn the ladder). That's nothing compared with the eight New Yorkers you show [Nov. 10] that it takes to raise a manhole cover.

Timothy G. Larsen
Los Angeles

That picture tells exactly why we donkeys ain't willingly going to help you jackasses. Here we can do that three-man job with only six.

Phil Hartsock
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Canned TV

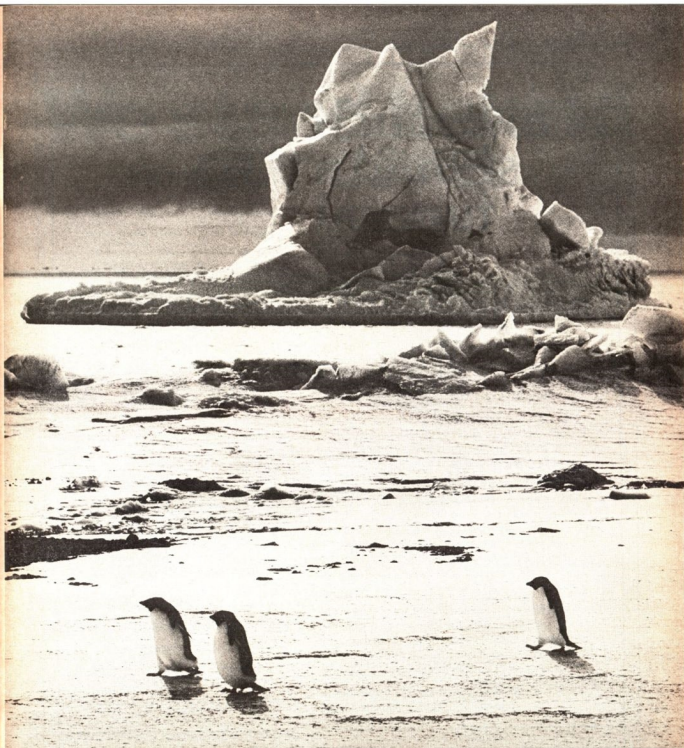
After viewing television [Nov. 10] religiously for 20 years, I was insulted for the last time three weeks ago and mustered the courage to stuff my 19-inch into the garbage can.

Steve Beals
Spokane, Wash.

It is a little encouraging to see programs like PBS's National Geographic special *The Incredible Machine* receiving favorable viewer reaction, as a respite from the commercial networks' deluge of waste. TV should be an occasional form of entertainment or source of information, not a way of life.

Jon Saffell
Glen Dale, W. Va.

In reading your article on why television viewing is dropping, I couldn't help noticing that nothing is mentioned about taste. Contrary to the opinion of



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And despite the fact we have 28,000 people who've made a profession out of taking Americans to foreign lands.

And despite the fact we have a route structure that takes in 96 cities in 65 countries.

There's still one continent we don't fly to.

Of course, tastes may change radically.

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Chicago	Krauspe Funeral Homes, Inc.
Chicago	Piser Memorial Chapels
Decatur	Dawson & Wikoff
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FORUM

the networks, there are still a great many people who are simply not interested in smut, prostitution, sadistic violence and other forms of "adult television."

*Mrs. James J. Nugent
New York City*

Squeaky's Concern

Regarding your latest portrayal of Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme (Nov. 10): Do her conservationist beliefs apply to human beings or must one be a tree or an animal to qualify?

*Edith L. Finn
Hagerstown, Md.*

Raw Nerve

Your sarcastic reaction (Nov. 3) to the Supreme Court's decision on spanking touched a raw nerve. I have personal knowledge of teachers severely paddling and punching children.

Violence begets violence. A child abused becomes a child abuser.

*Michael Halperin, Principal
North Shore Elementary School
Jacksonville*

If we hit children instead of modifying their behavior in a positive way, how are they to learn to handle problems peaceably?

*The George Nornington Family
Sacramento, Calif.*

Nomination Time

I nominate Daniel P. Moynihan, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, as Man of the Year.

*Betty Ravin
South Orange, N.J.*

I nominate Yasser Arafat for Man of the Year because he elucidated the only possible solution for the Middle East: one secular democratic state of Palestine where Jews, Moslems and Christians can live together peacefully.

*Remko ter Laan
Amsterdam*

I nominate Ed Daly, head of World Airways, for all the humanitarian good he did in the Viet Nam airlifts.

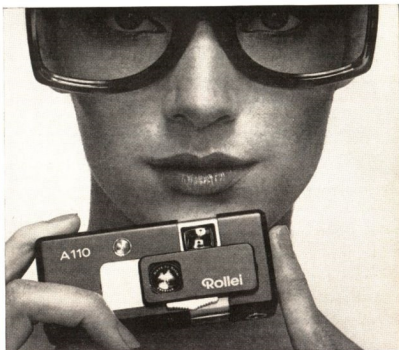
*Jeff Liss
Plymouth, Minn.*

A nomination for TIME's Man of the Year: Oliver Sipple, who was there, standing near Sara Moore.

*Magda K. Jensen
Oakland, Calif.*

Why not the filly Ruffian for Woman of the Year? She who gave her all and "died on the lead."

*(Mrs.) Antoinette Hungerford Du Vivier
New York City*



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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

More Bonnie Parkers

Though American women are much less confined to the home these days, liberation does not always lead to useful pursuits. FBI statistics released last week indicate a record 18% jump in crimes in 1974, and women were involved in more of them than ever before. In the past 15 years, robberies committed by women have risen 306%, larcenies (mainly shoplifting) 404%, frauds and embezzlements 332%, and forgeries and counterfeitings 167%.

Women are committing mostly petty offenses—only one in six homicides is attributed to a woman—but criminologists expect them to work their way up (or down) the ladder. Sociologist Francis Janni of Columbia University believes this trend is the "criminal analogue of the women's liberation movement. As in business, politics and education, there will be equal opportunities in crime. You can't have Bella Abzug without Bonnie Parkers."

Keep Smiling

The Internal Revenue Service calls in a taxpayer for an audit. The best tactic is to fight truculently on every point, right? No, wrong. The taxpayer who turns a smiling face to his IRS questioner and takes a docile line will probably come out with more money in his pocket, according to a report prepared for the Administrative Conference of the U.S., an organization of federal officials and private citizens with a special interest in law and government. The conclusion: The IRS gives its employees so few guidelines on auditing tax returns that the whole process is likely to be "whimsical, inconsistent, unpredictable and highly personal." For some reason, the most generous examiners are in the Cincinnati district, which collected only 19% of its delinquent tax claims. But keep away from Baltimore. Agents there got 74% of what they went after.

Giving at the Office

It always seemed a bit unfair that labor unions could collect money from their members for political candidates, while corporations have not been allowed to solicit. Now the bipartisan Federal Election Commission has evened things up. It ruled 4 to 2 last week that the Sun Oil Co. and all other companies could ask for contributions from its

employees and stockholders for candidates that would be picked by company executives.

Ideally, perhaps, the commission should have restricted union as well as corporate contributions. Still, the decision provides a healthy (and mostly Republican) counterbalance to the hundreds of millions of dollars that have flowed from unions into countless (and mostly Democratic) campaign chests.

Unequal Welfare

The welfare burden weighs too heavily on industrial states because people move in to improve their lot and become public charges when they fail. Just how great this problem has grown was underscored by New York State Senator Donald Halperin. The latest figures show that about two-thirds of the family heads who are on relief in the city were born outside New York State. The percentage of welfare mothers who were born outside other states with large manufacturing centers is \$2.5% in Ohio, 63% in Illinois and 67.5% in California. The comparable percentages are 10% in Mississippi, 15% in Alabama, 18% in Louisiana. All this argues for national standards for welfare payments. But surely the states should not compete in unloading potential welfare clients on each other.

Can an Elephant Forget?

When the Minnesota Republican Party recently decided to change its name, the possibilities were tantalizing. Considering that the Minnesota opposition calls itself the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party, perhaps the G.O.P. might opt for Republican-Suburban-Businessman Party. But that would not get at the real problem, which is that the D.F.L. has captured all the important state offices and a recent poll showed that only 15% of those questioned had a "positive" image of the Republicans. Finally, the party decided on Independent-Republicans.

Democrats cried foul. The new name "implies they have severed relations with the national party," grumped State D.F.L. Chairman Ulric Scott. "An Independent-Republican is an elephant that is trying to forget." Furthermore, he slyly suggested to the state consumer affairs department, the title constitutes deceptive advertising. Minnesota's electorate—one-third of whom call themselves "independent"—will presumably rule on the matter next November.



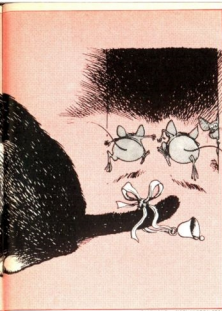
THE ADMINISTRATION

President Ford

Unusually subdued, U.S. Ambassador Daniel Patrick Moynihan stood last week at the bar in the delegates' lounge at the United Nations building, sipping red Dubonnet on the rocks and glumly sidestepping questions. A few minutes earlier, he had canceled a press conference at which he had intended to announce that he was resigning because of criticism of his don't-tread-on-me style as ambassador. But in a series of frantic, last-minute telephone calls, high Administration officials had persuaded him to postpone his decision and talk over his grievances this week with President Gerald Ford.

By that narrow margin, the Ford Administration averted a second damaging shake-up in the highest reaches of the Government. With political reverberations over his Cabinet shuffle of two weeks earlier not yet stilled, the President obviously could hardly afford a second crisis. Thus he was expected to do what he could to assuage Moynihan and keep him on the job. Similarly, a few days earlier, the President had had to mollify Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who had privately complained that the Administration was not giving him full backing in his confrontation with the House Select Committee on Intelligence.

Public Support. In Moynihan's case, the problem was his aggressive defense of U.S. democratic principles against a hostile Third World majority at the U.N. Since becoming ambassador in June, he offended African diplomats by correctly describing Ugandan President Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin Dada as a "racist murderer" and indirectly criticizing other African nations because Amin is head of the Organization of Af-

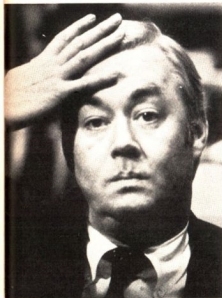


GULPHANT—WASHINGTON STAR



KEEFE—THE DENVER POST

Averts Another Shake-Up



U.N. AMBASSADOR MOYNIHAN
An angry King Lear?

ican Unity. More recently, Moynihan antagonized Third World ambassadors with threats of retribution for supporting the U.N. General Assembly's resolution equating Zionism with racism.

His outspoken stands won him wide public support in the U.S. but offended a number of State Department officials, as well as some American allies at the U.N. Last week Ivor Richard, the British ambassador to the U.N., chastised Moynihan in a speech by implicitly comparing him with a shoot-from-the-hip Wyatt Earp, a vengeful Savonarola and

an angry King Lear raging amid the storm. Moynihan was furious and decided that between criticism from the State Department and from U.N. diplomats, he had had enough. Kissinger urged him to stay. Said the Secretary: "He has done an excellent job. I have absolutely no reason to replace him." The White House later stated that Ford "has full confidence" in Moynihan and "fully approves" of his performance.

The treatment resembled the steps Ford had taken previously to calm down Kissinger, who was caught in yet another struggle by Congress to pry secret information out of the Administration. The Secretary had been outraged when the House committee, led by pugnacious New York Democrat Otis Pike, voted to cite him with three counts of contempt of Congress for not obeying its subpoenas to turn over three sets of top-secret documents. They are: 1) State Department recommendations on covert intelligence actions between 1962 and 1972, 2) National Security Council records of the Central Intelligence Agency's covert operations since 1965 and 3) intelligence reports concerning twelve U.S. charges of Soviet violations of the SALT nuclear-arms accord.

With Kissinger's approval, Ford rejected the subpoena of the State Department recommendations on grounds of Executive privilege. But some of the documents sought under the two other subpoenas were turned over to the committee by White House Counselor John O. Marsh, though the most sensitive portions were deleted for security reasons. Dissatisfied, the committee decided to cite Kissinger for contempt, an unprecedented step that could send the case to the courts for trial.

Some of Kissinger's assistants raised dark suspicions that White House aides had set him up for Pike to attack. They argued that Marsh should have tried harder to head off a confrontation with the committee. Marsh denied the charge, saying that he had done his best. The State Department aides portrayed Kissinger as plunged into pessimism and contemplating resignation. Indeed, the situation was reminiscent of his threat to resign in June 1974 over disclosures of his involvement in the wiretapping of newsmen and some of his assistants.

Election Issue. Now, at the State Department and the White House, many officials were convinced that Kissinger would leave the Government in four to six months, no matter what the outcome of the dispute with the Pike committee. The reason: prospects are dim for further major movement toward an Arab-Israeli settlement or for a SALT II agreement with the Soviets in 1976. In addition, Kissinger will probably become an election issue: conservative Republicans and even many Democrats argue that Russia is benefiting more from détente than the U.S. Thus, the officials suggest, Kissinger may well choose to resign before his public esteem begins to slide. His rumored successor: incoming Commerce Secretary Elliot Richardson.

By week's end, Kissinger's mood began to improve as his characteristically emotional pleas brought support. Ford wrote the committee to explain that the Secretary had acted "on my instructions as President." Senior White House aides made a point of describing Kissinger as indispensable to Ford.

Still trying for a compromise, Kissinger, through Marsh, offered to let Pike examine the sensitive documents in the White House, but without actually turning them over.

The committee was not mollified. Its members voted to send the three recommended citations to the House for ac-

THE NATION

tion next week after Congress returns from the Thanksgiving recess. Few others in the House want a confrontation with Kissinger over the subpoenas. Some members complained that Pike was grabbing headlines to further his ambition to run for the Senate next year against Conservative James Buckley. Said a Democratic House leader: "There's no love for Kissinger here, but this is an issue that the guys don't want to hit or be hit by. They are look-

ing for a way to get off the hook."

Democratic leaders plan to move to table Pike's proposed contempt citations and thus end the immediate confrontation. But the episode, followed as it was by the Moynihan flap, left the uncomfortable impression of grave weakness in the Ford Administration. Because Ford could not afford the public outcry if he allowed Kissinger to resign, the two men in effect held each other for ransom.

THE CIA

Plots Written in Disappearing Ink

After six months, 11,000 pages of testimony and more than 100 witnesses, the select Senate Intelligence Committee's investigation of CIA plots to assassinate foreign leaders last week yielded a report that eerily replicated the shadowy world of its subject matter. Words like "ambiguity," "deniability" and "euphemism" flicker over the record. Yes, said the committee, "the United States was implicated in several assassination plots." No, the U.S. never carried out an execution of a foreign leader.

But responsibility for the attempts is written in disappearing ink. Nowhere could the committee establish that a U.S. President had authorized an international hit. The CIA agents involved al-

most always acted in the belief that they were sanctioned by higher authority—even "the highest authority"—but as North Carolina Democratic Senator Robert Morgan noted: "We have been able to establish neither responsibility nor innocence."

The committee's conclusions in the five cases under investigation:

The Congo's Patrice Lumumba.

The committee did find evidence to permit "a reasonable inference that the plot to assassinate Lumumba was authorized by President Eisenhower." In any case, in the fall of 1960, two CIA officials were asked by superiors to assassinate Lumumba. Poisons were sent to the Congo and some exploratory steps were taken toward getting to him, but nothing came of that plot. Quite separately, in early 1961, Lumumba was killed by Congolese rivals. "It does not appear that the U.S. was in any way involved in the killing."

Cuba's Fidel Castro. At least eight times between 1960 and 1965, the CIA plotted to kill Castro. American underworld figures and Cubans hostile to Castro were enlisted. The CIA gave them encouragement, as well as lethal pills and doctored cigars, but obviously the plots failed.

The Dominican Republic's Rafael Trujillo. Some CIA agents knew that Dominican dissidents, who had enjoyed U.S. support, intended to kill the despot. The Americans supplied them with three pistols and three carbines. There is "conflicting evidence" as to whether the weapons were knowingly supplied for an assassination and whether any of them were used when Trujillo was shot down in May 1961.

South Viet Nam's Ngo Dinh Diem. The assassination in November 1963, although it was part of a coup that was started with some U.S. support, was "a spontaneous act... and was carried out without U.S. involvement or support."

Chile's General René Schneider. In October 1970, Schneider, commander in chief of Chile's army, was killed while resisting a kidnapping attempt. President Nixon in September had ordered the CIA "to play a direct role in organizing a military coup in Chile to prevent [Salvador] Allende's accession to the presiden-

cy," and the kidnapping was viewed as an indispensable and unavoidable element in that coup. As it happened, the CIA five days before had withdrawn its support of the particular group that pulled off the kidnapping that resulted in the general's death, but it could as easily have happened earlier. There is no evidence, however, of an American plan to harm Schneider.

The report is an extraordinary document to have issued from a branch of the Government of a superpower, and it is a fund of sometimes chilling, sometimes ludicrous lore. It reveals that on Nov. 22, 1963, the day John Kennedy was killed in Dallas, a high-ranking CIA officer named Desmond Fitzgerald was meeting in Paris with a Cuban secret agent known as AM/LASH to offer him a poison pen outfitted with a hypodermic needle. As a long-secret CIA report said, "It is likely that at the very moment President Kennedy was shot, a CIA officer was meeting with a Cuban agent and giving him an assassination device for use against Castro."

The committee found that the CIA was thoroughly conned by the Mafia. The agency promised the Mob a fee of \$150,000 for Castro's murder, and even passed along some lethal pills to the supposed killer outside the Boom Boom Room of Miami Beach's Fontainebleau Hotel. But the Mafia never did anything to try to kill Castro. Apparently the Mafia men involved were simply stringing the CIA along to gain its protection against FBI interference in the U.S.

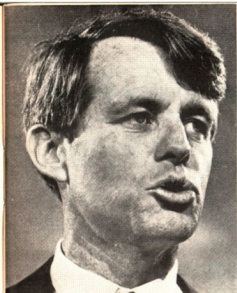
In some ways, the committee report is a kind of self-portrait of baffled and frustrated investigators. As it says: "The picture that emerges from the evidence is not a clear one." Assassination plots

THE CONGO'S LUMUMBA

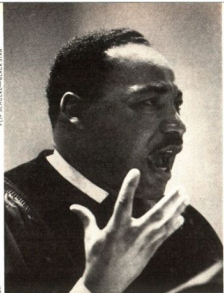


DOMINICAN REPUBLIC'S TRUJILLO

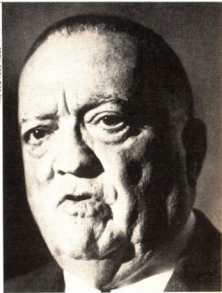




ROBERT F. KENNEDY



MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.



J. EDGAR HOOVER

could be disguised to ensure "plausible deniability" for those higher up. Said the committee: "The custom permitted the most sensitive matters to be presented to the highest levels of the Government with the least clarity." There was also the danger of "floating authorization." Thus Richard Helms, CIA director from 1966 to 1973, testified that as deputy director he had not informed incoming Director John McCone (1961-65) about the use of Mafia characters in the Castro plots. As Helms told the committee, Allen Dulles, McCone's predecessor, had approved the plan and further authorization was unnecessary.

Heroic in War. In some cases, the Americans made the mistake of thinking they could indefinitely control dissident groups that they were supporting. The U.S. had encouraged the plotters against Diem, but then changed course. On Oct. 30, 1963, just before the coup, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge cabled Washington that he was unable to halt it. Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense William Bundy cabled back from Washington: WE CANNOT ACCEPT CONCLUSION THAT WE HAVE NO POWER TO DELAY OR DISCOURAGE A COUP. Three days later, Diem was murdered.

In its conclusion, the committee sounds a never-again note. But it acknowledges some of the moral ambiguities that are involved in so sensitive a subject as foreign policy murders. What is inexcusable in peacetime becomes heroic in war—and not all intelligence operatives easily recognize the difference between the two. In wartime, it is surely justifiable to plot against, say, Hitler. Would it have been right for Americans to try to kill him in 1936? The committee, however, draws a firm distinction between wartime and peacetime assassination attempts. It recommends a law that would make it a criminal offense for anyone, including a President, to engage in assassination plots against a foreign official in peacetime.

THE FBI

The Crusade to Topple King

J. Edgar Hoover made his name in dogged pursuit of men like John Dillinger and "Pretty Boy" Floyd, but he never went after anybody with the diligence that he devoted to Martin Luther King Jr. Fragmented stories of FBI wiretaps on King have circulated for years, and last week the details of the almost paranoid pursuit were laid before the select Senate Intelligence Committee. Among its findings:

► The FBI wiretapped King's Atlanta house from 1963 to 1965, his Atlanta office from 1963 to 1966. It installed 16 bugging microphones in hotels and motels as he traveled, and it eavesdropped on him at both the Democratic and Republican conventions in 1964.

► After TIME selected King as its Man of the Year (Jan. 3, 1964), Assistant FBI Director William Sullivan sent a plan to Hoover for dealing with King by "taking him off his pedestal and reducing his influence." With King discredited, Sullivan wrote, the FBI could promote another black man as the leader of the civil rights movement. That man, a relatively unknown New York attorney and a Republican, only recently learned of the plan; he was stunned and asked the committee not to reveal his name.

► The FBI in 1964 anonymously sent to King's wife Coretta a tape of some bedroom conversations that had been secretly recorded while King was traveling. Such a tape was a prized possession of Hoover's, and he once had it played for Lyndon Johnson, who in turn entertained reporters with his version of King's extramarital conquests.

► In an anonymous letter mailed to King just before he was to go to Stockholm in 1964 to receive the Nobel Peace Prize, the FBI warned: "King, there is

only one thing left for you to do. You know what it is..." Committee Counsel F.A.O. Schwarz Jr. said that "this was taken by Dr. King as a suggestion for suicide."

► The FBI tried to prevent King's audience with Pope Paul VI in September 1964. Using New York's Francis Cardinal Spellman as a conduit, the agency sent disparaging word of King's morals to the Pope, but he did not cancel the audience. The FBI also tried to persuade two universities to withdraw honorary degrees that they planned to award to King. It is not known if they complied.

► An internal FBI memo of March 28, 1968, suggested that the agency use "friendly media contacts" to put out the word that King was a "hypocrite" for coming to Memphis to lead a garbage strike and urge blacks to boycott white businesses while he himself was staying at the white-owned Holiday Inn. Two local news stories subsequently mentioned the fact. King then switched to the black-owned Lorraine Motel. It was there he was shot on April 4, though the committee in no way suggests that the FBI was setting him up. That memo about the Holiday Inn contained the notation "O.K. ... H.," which was Hoover's usual note of approval.

Why Hoover's obsession with King? James Adams, the agency's assistant deputy director, testified that the initial reason was "to determine if there was Communist influence on him." Adams conceded that there were "probably 25 incidents" directed at King, and said, "I see no statutory basis and no justification for the activities." Chairman Frank Church asked if the FBI ever found that King was a Communist. Replied Adams: "No, we did not."

Justice Department sources have

THE NATION

told TIME that the King case was opened on "solid evidence" linking Communists with King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. According to these sources, two high-level Communist Party officials told the FBI in 1963 that the party had penetrated the SCLC. Hoover sent a memo about this to the White House and the departments of Defense, Justice and State. On the basis of the memo, Attorney General Robert Kennedy authorized wiretaps on King.

King also had enraged Hoover by criticizing the FBI for not doing more to protect Southern civil rights workers and not hiring more blacks; in 1963, of the FBI's 5,500 agents, only five were blacks. Says one FBI source: "If you criticized the FBI, Hoover took after you. He'd do anything to destroy the credibility of a critic."

The committee also heard details of the FBI's activity in the 1960s to harass other Americans. The FBI spied on the women's liberation movement on the theory that it might be infiltrated by Communists. Said Schwarz: [The bureau] "had informants running all over the country checking on what housewives were talking about in their meetings to discuss their role in life." In one case, he said, the agency arranged for white mice to be released at a women's lib protest demonstration.

False Credentials. A Hoover memo of October 1968, titled "The Disruption of the New Left," urged that the FBI send anonymous letters to parents, informing them when their youngsters were arrested in antiwar demonstrations. At the 1964 Democratic Convention, the FBI got false press credentials through NBC and inserted agents, working as reporters, within left-wing and civil rights groups. Sometimes the FBI tried to disrupt the marriages of dissidents by sending anonymous letters to a husband or wife. Said one letter to the husband of a white woman active in the black movement: "Look man I guess your old lady doesn't get enough at home ... Like all she wants to integrate is the bedroom."

In other distressing testimony to Congress, Robert Hardy, a Camden, N.J., building contractor, described his experience as an FBI informant. At bureau direction he planned, encouraged and directed a raid by antiwar protesters on a Camden draft board. Said Hardy: "They were the most nonviolent, well-intentioned people I ever met in my life. I'm not proud to say that with respect to breaking into the draft board, I taught them everything they knew."

Defending the bureau, Adams asked that critics remember what the country was like in the late 1960s: "We had cities being burned and educational institutions being bombed. People were dying ... Presidents, Congressmen—no one said 'Do this' or 'Don't do that.' That's why we are looking for guidelines."

*There are 8,000 FBI special agents now; 103 of them are black.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

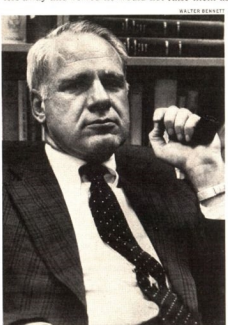
'We Are Going to Win—But How?'

James Schlesinger was back in a little office last week, stuffing his pipe full of Sir Walter Raleigh, quoting Heraclitus ("Character is destiny"), pondering his singular journey through the high corridors of power and his sudden descent. He had for the moment somewhat the look of a trapped creature, with the low ceiling of the office at Johns Hopkins School for Advanced International Studies pressing down on him.

The huge office of the Secretary of Defense fit his large frame better. His reach then went to Sitka, Bonn and Tokyo, instead of across a single desk piled with mail. He used to command 3.1 million people. He now has one secretary.

But though his surroundings were changed, his power base taken away, he was remarkably the same man who had inhabited the dim offices of the Budget Bureau some seven years ago when his Government career started.

With his close friends, he brooded about what had happened to him and why. But this weekend, when he decided to go public, he locked all those personal matters away and vowed he would not raise them as he crusades for a strong defense,



FORMER PENTAGON CHIEF SCHLESINGER

for a clearer national vision of where we are going. One could almost hear the relief over at the State Department because the chastened Henry Kissinger, blamed by some (and maybe even by Schlesinger) for the firing, worried to his aides that Schlesinger might be more of a problem outside the Government than in it.

Gerald Ford has not communicated with Schlesinger since the Sunday morning when he dismissed him. That silence is significant, more for Ford than Schlesinger, because the world has spoken. Hundreds of letters and telegrams and countless telephone calls have rolled over him. Job offers have piled up—invitations to lecture, to teach, to write. Then last week came a moment of special satisfaction for Schlesinger, who at times had walked a lonely path. The Senate voted to commend him "for his excellence in office, his intellectual honesty and personal integrity, and for his courage and independence." Even in the Senate, such language is quite unusual.

Through his years at the AEC, the CIA and the Pentagon, he grasped his subjects well, but there was something more about him—an extra dimension.

His mind never stopped at his department's doorstep and never got bogged down in palace intrigue.

So last week he ticked off his reasons for pride in his years at the Pentagon—keeping the defense strong, making nuclear strategy more flexible, holding the military together after Viet Nam. Then, as usual, there was more. Skepticism has gone too far, he believes. It has forced concentration on things that don't matter, like perceiving conspiracies and finding villains for the sheer sport of it. He worried about family structures weakening, and whether the schools are good enough to produce the people we need now. So much of the national disillusion, he felt, had been planted in the classrooms in past years.

Schlesinger showed no bitterness as he sounded his call. "The United States retains the moral responsibility to serve as the guardian of freedom around the world," he said quietly. "No other nation can do it." Then he smiled and said, "I feel like that intelligence officer who was at Pearl Harbor in 1941 and, looking around at the disaster, said, 'We are going to win this war. But God bless my soul if I know how.'" He is going out now to look for that answer to the new American challenge, which is to live securely in a world where for the first time our resources are limited and our adversaries are as strong as we are.

Every drop of water is two-thirds fuel.

Every drop of water in the world is one-third oxygen atoms and two-thirds hydrogen.

Hydrogen is one of the cleanest-burning fuels known to man. When it is burned, it produces only two things. Heat and water.

If hydrogen can be economically separated from water, the entire country could run on it. We could use it to run our automobiles. Heat our homes. Cook our meals. And make our electricity.

But that's a big "if." Right now, hydrogen can be extracted from water in a number of ways. But all of them are

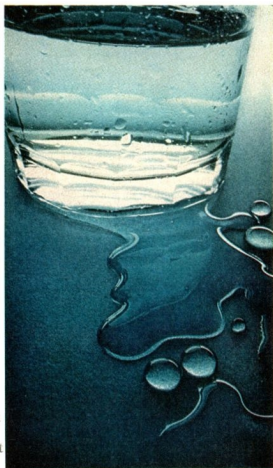
complicated and expensive.

There's a lot of power locked in H_2O .



the near future is a long shot. Still, it's an idea that has to be explored.

This is only one of the many areas



General Electric is probing to find future sources of electricity. We're also studying ways to harness the energy of the sun, the wind and the tides.

Some of these ideas are more practical than others. And probably none of them will be in wide use within this century. But with our tremendous need for electricity and the growing scarcity of some fuels, we have to consider every possibility.

Meanwhile, we have to make the wisest possible use of all our natural resources.



The sun, sea or wind might toast your bread.

And continue to look for new ways to make electricity.

But perhaps, someday, the answer to our electricity needs will be crystal-clear.

Progress
for
People.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

There are times when the sensual pleasures of a prized possession can almost outweigh its superb performance.



Executive Timber by Hallmark.

Executive Timber is wood, carefully and expertly crafted into superb writing instruments.

Take the pen in your hands. Feel the heft of it. The warmth of it. Roll the barrel between your fingers. Note the subtle texture of the grain, enriched by fine Swedish oils.

Because no two grain patterns are precisely alike, every pen and pencil in the Executive Timber line is unique. You will own an original. One of a kind.

Executive Timber. A distinguished gift. An intensely personal possession. So carefully created Hallmark gives you a lifetime guarantee against even the slightest mechanical defect.

Executive Timber is for the person who likes the feel of wood—the warmth of wood—and the naturalness of wood.

There's walnut, richly grained and deep in color, from the timberlands of North America.

There's teakwood, as robustly colorful as the majestic sailing ships of the 1800's.

There's wenge from the African Congo—perhaps the most distinctively grained wood in the world.

There's cordia, hard and finely-textured, from the East Indies.

And rosewood. And tulipwood. Both imported from the rain forests of South America.

Each of these woods has its own personality. Its own grain pattern. Its own color. Its own texture. And for the discerning craftsman, each of these exotic woods has its own distinctive musk.

The pen writes as comfortably as it feels. Glide it over a sheet of fine paper and notice how the tungsten carbide point leaves a smooth, single-width marking.

A sealed cartridge resists the possibility of leakage—even if you are 30,000 feet up and traveling at 650 miles an hour.

For those reasons and more, every Hallmark Executive Timber product carries a lifetime guarantee against even the slightest mechanical defect. This guarantee is backed by every store that sells Executive Timber. The promise is simple and clear: any mechanical defect will be promptly corrected at no cost to you.

Executive Timber. A distinguished gift. A prized possession. Perhaps the most prudent purchase you will make this year.

Pen and pencil set \$30. Pen \$15. Pencil \$15. At fine stores where quality writing instruments are sold. Hallmark Cards, Inc., Kansas City, Mo.



"When you care enough to send the very best"

DEMOCRATS

Taking Jimmy Seriously

Suddenly he is no longer Jimmy Who?

Barnstorming the nation, former Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter, 51, has begun to emerge as the fastest of the dark horses racing for the Democratic presidential nomination. Last week the pleasant, soft-spoken candidate with the picket fence of white teeth and the mod, silver-flecked blond hair scored a minor coup. Casting a straw vote for presidential candidates, 67% of the 1,049 delegates to Florida's Democratic state convention gave their ballots to Carter. The rest of the field got humilifyingly small totals, particularly his archrival, Alabama Governor George Wallace, who garnered 54%.

Not even the congenitally optimistic Carter expects that the results will be the same in the showdown primary on March 9, which will go a long way toward making or breaking his campaign. Wallace is much more popular with the rank-and-file voters than with the Democratic Party officials who go to state conventions. In 1972 Wallace won the Florida primary with 41.5% of the Democratic vote. Next year, if Carter can capture 30% or so while holding Wallace to less than 40%, his camp will claim a victory. The stakes are high. Reports TIME's Atlanta bureau chief James Bell: "Jimmy Carter has to prove to the nation that there truly is a new South, and that he, not Wallace, represents it."

To build momentum before Florida, Carter is also organizing zealously in Iowa and Oklahoma, where Democrats will select their delegates by a series of party caucuses beginning in January. "Carter always does better than I expect him to," says Iowa's Democratic national committeeman Robert Fulton. "He got here early. He comes across as honest and open, and that's apparently what people are looking for." Though Oklahoma is the home of another dark horse—former Senator Fred Harris—Carter has won the tacit support of Democratic Governor David Boren, who has turned loose his band of youthful supporters to form a kind of Kennedy brigade for the Georgian.

Soft-Sell Style. In New Hampshire, which has the nation's first primary on Feb. 24, Carter seems to be closing in on Arizona's Congressman Morris Udall (who is having fund-raising problems). Indiana's Senator Birch Bayh and Harris. Carter already has 400 people working for him, and he will spend 14 days shaking hands ("I'm Jimmy Carter and I'm going to be your next President") before primary day. State Democratic Chairman Laurence Radway is impressed by Carter's soft-sell style of campaigning and his hard-nose style of organizing. Says he: "I can't honestly say he's second to anybody."

Campaigning six days a week. 14



DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE JIMMY CARTER WOOLING VOTER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE BEAUTY PARLOR
"I'm not from Washington [applause]. I'm not a lawyer [applause]."

hours a day, Carter has hit 42 states this year and set up organizations in 35. He plans to enter all 29 primaries, as well as state caucuses and conventions, hoping to pick up stray delegates here and there under the party's new proportional-representation rules.

Carter exploits the fact that he has never been a member of Congress or the federal bureaucracy. Opening lines of a typical speech:

"I'm not from Washington [applause]. I'm not a lawyer [applause]. I think this is the time for someone outside of Washington of about my age ... [laughter]."

Reducing Waste. He emphasizes his record as Governor of Georgia (1971-75): reorganizing the state government and reducing waste while increasing social services and creating a surplus of more than \$50 million. He favors drastically shrinking the federal bureaucracy and, although a former nuclear-submarine commander, he criticizes the Defense Department as "the most wasteful agency in the Federal Government."

Asked to sum up his ideology, Carter says: "On social justice, human rights, the environment, I would be quite liberal. On questions dealing with the management of Government, I would be quite conservative."

"Everywhere I go," Carter adds, "people want to know whether our system of government can continue to exist. Can the federal bureaucracy be controlled? Can it be competent? I think it can. It needs the tough-minded business planning that I represent."

Notwithstanding his present spurt, Carter is a long shot for the nomination, though he has become a strong candidate for the vice-presidential slot. In a Gallup poll released on Oct. 26, 35%

of the Democrats picked Senator Edward Kennedy as their preferred candidate, followed by Wallace (14%), Senator Hubert Humphrey (13%), Senator Henry Jackson (8%) and Senator Edmund Muskie (5%). Carter is lumped in with the "all others" who got 9%.

As Carter battles to improve his position, some officials at the Democratic National Committee have begun privately to criticize him. The Georgian makes some Democrats nervous because he is running as a maverick; no one knows quite what to make of him at this point or what he will do in the months ahead. For Jimmy Carter, a sure sign of progress is not only the friends he has won but the opponents he has made. They are taking him seriously.

REPUBLICANS

Buddy, Beware

On the eve of his announcement last week for the Republican nomination for President, Ronald Reagan phoned Gerald Ford and Richard Nixon. He would not, Reagan promised Ford, directly attack the incumbent President or do anything else that might split the party. But the next day, on a coast-to-coast TV hookup from the National Press Club in Washington, he got off at least one not so subtle whack at Ford.

With an American flag to his right and Wife Nancy sitting demurely to his left, Reagan rapidly and unemotionally read a four-minute statement that damned the "buddy system [that includes] the Congress, the bureaucracy, the lobbyists, big business and big labor [and] functions for its own benefit—increasingly insensitive to the needs of the

THE NATION

American worker who supports it with his taxes." It took no vast leap of imagination to deduce that Ford, a veteran of 27 years in Washington, was one of the leading "buddies." Afterward, Reagan refused to be pinned down on specific issues, such as the right size for the U.S. defense budget or whether he would have condoned the FBI campaign to discredit Martin Luther King.

Brief Stops. Five hours later, Reagan was on the campaign trail in Miami. As he plunged into a crowd to greet an old friend, a swarthy young man pulled what appeared to be a black pistol from a small brown bag. Secret Service agents pushed the candidate and his wife back out of range and wrestled to the ground Michael Carvin, 20, a university dropout staying in Pompano Beach, Fla. His gun turned out to be a toy. After being charged with intimidating a candidate and interfering with federal officers, he was sent to a mental hospital for observation. Officials believed that Carvin was the same man who telephoned the Secret Service office in Denver on Nov. 10 and threatened to harm President Ford, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller or Reagan unless authorities released Lynette ("Squeaky") Fromme, who is now on trial for attempting to assassinate Ford.

Reagan continued campaigning, with brief stops in Manchester, N.H., Charlotte, N.C., and Chicago. Meanwhile the Federal Communications Commission was heard from. Now that Reagan is an announced candidate, said a spokesman, TV stations might have to give Ford equal time if they broadcast any of Reagan's 50-odd films, or even reruns of *Death Valley Days*, on which he was a narrator and occasional pitchman for 20 Mule Team Borax.

NEW YORK

Whipping Up a Stew of Taxes

"We've seen so many cliffhangers that I don't get acrophobia when I look over a cliff," quipped New York Governor Hugh Carey last week. Once again he was peering into the abyss of default. The helping hand he had expected from Gerald Ford had not been extended. In a statement only a little less tart than in the past, Ford said that if more "progress" was made, he would "review" New York's situation this week and consider some kind of relief. What he appears to want is a comprehensive plan to restore fiscal stability to the city, including an increase of about \$200 million in city taxes—on top of some \$5 billion the city now collects—to prove that New York is serious about balancing its budget.

Many New Yorkers felt let down and fed up. "I'm tired of being diddled," spluttered Manhattan's Democratic Congressman Edward Koch: "Ford has bled us to death." New York State University students held a rally at the U.S. Capitol to drum up support for aid to the city; New York Congresswomen Bella Abzug, Shirley Chisholm and Elizabeth Holtzman lent their voices to the cause. The *New York Daily News*, a longtime supporter of fiscal conservatism, berated Ford for "tantaling us in a cold-blooded game of cat and mouse." Said a top G.O.P. congressional leader: "Ford was right at the start. If he didn't hang tough, New York would never have taken the necessary steps. But now his position is stupid."

The President was reacting to conflicting advice within the White House. Some of his economic aides, whose po-

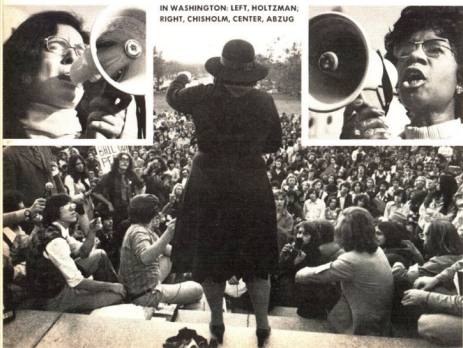
sitions have softened noticeably in recent weeks, have been urging him to aid the city. Several political advisers, on the other hand, tell him to continue to resist because it helps him among voters in a country that remains skeptical about New York's intentions. "There are still too many details we don't have," said an Administration economist. "What is going to happen to the labor contracts, to the hospitals, to the city university? There are things that remain to be demonstrated."

In Albany, however, capital of one of the most heavily taxed states in the nation, Carey ran into determined opposition to further increases. A proposed boost in the taxes on commuters to the city was batted down by upstate Republicans; a sales-tax increase (from 8% to 9% in the city) was rejected by city Democrats. In desperation, the legislators began to concoct what Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson called a "bouillabaisse": a stew of taxes that added up to \$205 million at the risk of offending most consumers in the city. In addition to an increase in the city income tax, the plan included higher levies on banks, automobiles and cigarettes, and new taxes on barbershops, beauty parlors and massage parlors. After a stormy all-night debate, the New York city council approved the tax package by a one-vote margin. But the bill bogged down in Albany, and by week's end its prospects remained unclear.

Danger Point. If the taxes are passed, New York can finally—but not inevitably—expect some help from the White House. Aid would probably take the form of a direct loan, not a bond guarantee, since the latter would give New York paper a competitive edge over the nonguaranteed securities of cities that have been more fiscally prudent. The loan would be in the neighborhood of \$2.5 billion, with all money to be repaid within the year it is borrowed. The loan would be secured by future federal payments to the city, like revenue sharing. One loan would probably not be enough, since it could take the city three years or longer to regain investor confidence and enter the bond market again. In the meantime, the President and Congress might be prepared to advance similar loans in succeeding years.

Even with federal aid, it is not certain that the city can avoid some form of default. The next danger point is early December, when the city must raise \$150 million. By one measure, New York is already in default since the state legislature has approved a three-year moratorium on redeeming \$1.6 billion of the city's short-term debt. But the bill was immediately challenged in a suit brought by the Flushing National Bank of Queens, which charged that the state

PRO-NEW YORK DEMONSTRATION
IN WASHINGTON: LEFT, HOLTZMAN;
RIGHT, CHISHOLM, CENTER, ABZUG



New Salem Lights



Lowered "tar."

**Same fresh
taste.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Trade your hog

You loved that car of yours when it was new, didn't you?

All bright and shiny and everything?

How could you know the world would change? How could you know it would use too much gas, too much space, too much everything?

How could you know that there would be a VW Rabbit?

We knew 5 years ago. That's when we started—from absolute scratch—to design the one and only car that honestly makes any sense today.

It's almost as if we re-invented the wheel. We re-thought every detail, every old concept of car design to get to the new concept of the Rabbit.

For example, size:

The Rabbit is a big car. Not to look at. Outside, it parks in almost no space.

But inside, there is more glass area than in a Lincoln Continental Mark IV; as much legroom and headroom as some mid-sized cars; and (with the rear seat down) more luggage space than a Cadillac Fleetwood.

Even the key is padded for safety.

IV; as much legroom and headroom as some mid-sized cars; and (with the rear seat down) more luggage space than a Cadillac Fleetwood.

Shelf up. Hidden luggage space.

Shelf and seat fold down.

Seats fold again. Now it's a station wagon.

Tilted engine, sloping hood, better visibility.

Sheet metal absorbs impact.

Flexible steering wheel.

Engine sideways for more space.



Seat belts put themselves on.

Quite an achievement.

Another example: safety.

The Rabbit helps make you a safer driver.

Front-wheel drive gives you better tracking.

Rack-and-pinion steering gives you better handling.

If one front tire blows, negative steering roll radius helps you to a straight stop.

If one brake circuit fails, a second circuit is still there.

A totally new rear axle makes the car more stable (and safer) on rough roads.

The deluxe Rabbit also has an utterly unique safety belt that

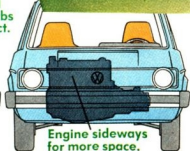
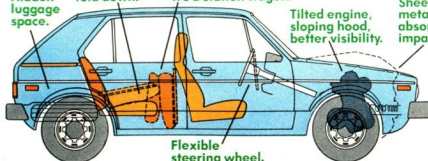
puts itself on as you sit down.

Still another example: economy and performance.

The EPA estimates that the Rabbit with stick shift got 39 mpg on the highway, 25 mpg in the city.

(Actual mileage may vary, depending on type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and optional equipment.)

Economy alone is a major accomplishment. But economy plus great performance is close to a miracle. We've done it.



for a Rabbit.



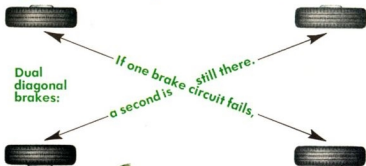
0-50 mph in 8.2 seconds. No other car gives you this kind of power with so much economy.

The Rabbit zips from 0 to 50 mph in a mere 8.2 seconds.

A \$21,000 Maserati doesn't do much better.

No other car gives you this kind of power with so much economy.

There are more than 80,000 VW Rabbits



hopping around the U.S. already.

It is the most successful new foreign car introduction in history.

The Amazing Rabbit

Our biggest sale was to Detroit's Big Three—56 Rabbits. We don't think it was a gesture of friendship or because they liked the colors.

They are tearing them to pieces to find out how we did it. We did it the hard way—from scratch.

But it was worth it.

The Rabbit

is a happy car, and we're happy with it.

At first, we were worried about the future of the car.

Now we've come up with the car of the future.





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How's that for Seagram's Greetings?

had violated the U.S. Constitution: "No State shall... pass any... Law impairing the Obligation of Contracts." More lawsuits are expected. Says Donna Shalala, treasurer of the Municipal Assistance Corp.: "You have a sense of the rapacious relatives gathering around the bed of someone close to death."

Given the possibility that the moratorium would not survive a court test, a respectable minority of financial experts argue that the city should voluntarily declare bankruptcy. This, they say, would enable New York to renegotiate extravagant union contracts and

oblige the various power blocs to accept lower benefits and subsidies. One disadvantage of this course is that 27 states and the District of Columbia prohibit some institutional investors from buying a defaulted municipality's paper for periods of from two to 20 years.

There will be no painless way to rescue New York from a crisis that, as Shalala charged last week, was produced by "financial mismanagement of a very extreme type." She puts the budget deficit at \$1.4 billion, up from the estimated \$991 million of only two or three weeks ago. City spending is still out of control.

INTERVIEW

Ehrlichman and Situation Ethics

John Ehrlichman, who was President Nixon's domestic policy chief, has finished a *roman à clef* describing a CIA plot to blackmail a Nixon-like chief of state upon discovering a secret White House plumbers' unit engaged in spying and dirty tricks. After reading the 385-page manuscript of *The Company*, New York Times Columnist William Safire, also a former Nixon aide, reports that Ehrlichman portrays "President Richard Monckton" as a "self-deluding, hate-filled moralizer."

Last week, in his first interview since he was convicted of Watergate-related crimes, Ehrlichman spoke in Santa Fe for 90 minutes with TIME's Managing Editor Henry Grunwald and Los Angeles Bureau Chief Jess Cook. Ehrlichman, who lives in a rented 160-year-old adobe house, said he has been putting in two or three hours each morning with pen and paper. He started outlining his novel in March 1974 and completed the manuscript two months ago. He lived on a \$50,000 advance from Simon & Schuster.

At 50, Ehrlichman is a portly 205-pounder with a thick salt-and-pepper beard. He lives apart from his wife Jeanne, now in a Seattle suburb with one of their five children, and is said to square around several Santa Fe women. He says he spends half of every day on volunteer work for schools, churches and Indians. He often visits the trout streams near Taos to fish.

Ehrlichman is dogged by legal problems and debts. He is appealing sentences, which could run up to eight years, for perjury, for authorizing the break-in at the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, for his role in the Watergate cover-up; he faces half a dozen civil cases over the denial of civil rights of individuals. He has been disbarred. He owes his lawyers about \$350,000. Still, he appeared tanned and relaxed last week and much like the John Ehrlichman of old. He refused to talk about the details of the Watergate case, said he has not seen any of his former White House colleagues lately, and of Watergate books had read only Theodore White's, which

he termed "incomplete." Highlights from the interview:

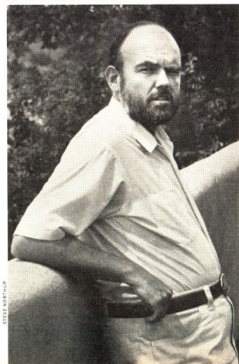
ON HIS FEELINGS ABOUT NIXON:

The most difficult thing in the White House is to get a fact. Everybody has his own version. I'm terribly sympathetic to a man making decisions under those circumstances... I don't have any sense of animosity at all. But he is a potential witness in the case [that is, if Ehrlichman's appeals result in a retrial]. I really can't explore my expectations or wishes or desires where he is concerned.

ON THE PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE OF NIXON BEFORE WATERGATE BROKE:

There was little about Nixon that you all—and behind you the people—did not know. I don't think there were very many latter-day revelations. There has been a lot of postwar Germany about this. It's very hard now to find anybody who voted for Richard Nixon.

JOHN EHRLICHMAN AT HIS SANTA FE HOUSE



ON THE LIMITS OF PRESIDENTIAL POWER:

There is no way of knowing if an action of the President can be said to be constitutional or not constitutional. We operate in this country, and in the media and the courts, on a situational ethics base.

ON SITUATION ETHICS ON THE PRESIDENCY:

I reject situation ethics. The White House should lead in setting standards, morality and goals. But when you are facing re-election, you look at the polls. When one is not elected, one defers to the guy who is. I never felt I had the right to substitute my judgment for his... I suspect there is a latent confidence by the American people that the President will do what is necessary for the country. The President has an extraordinary and useful capacity to mobilize public opinion. You imply there is something devious about manipulating public opinion. It's the metaphysics of the presidency that he is able to bring along the Congress and country on estimates of what is right or wrong, what the Constitution provides on any given day.

ON THE NIXON PARDON: It certainly relieved us of a lot of spasm in the body politic we didn't need at that time. We were distracted from the important public business far too long as it was.

ON A PARDON FOR HIMSELF: It would have been a dilemma, since it implies guilt. But I was spared having to make that decision.

ON HIS WATERGATE INVOLVEMENT: I wasn't part of it... Things were compartmentalized there. It was a highly individualized system of responsibility.

ON HIS PERSONAL MISTAKES: I can think of turning points where, if I had been aware of what was going on, I might have been able to say something. One necessarily regrets not having said the word that would have deflected the course of history. The situation was probably festooned with landmarks I didn't see.

ON HIS CRIMINAL TRIALS:

These were political trials. That introduces enormous eccentricity in the results, but there was a climate in the country at the time of the trial that pretty well foredoomed the [jury] verdict. I think it will be a ten-year process before this whole episode is behind me. And I feel it will be a vindication.

ON PRESIDENT FORD: He has done, on balance, about as well as an unelected President can do. I would have hoped there would have been more of an attack on problems by the White House, but I'm sympathetic to their difficulties. I don't find myself second-guessing. I find myself empathizing.

THE FIRST LADY

There's No Gilded Cage for Betty

A year ago, political stargazers liked to predict that Jerry Ford would not run in '76, in large measure because his wife had just gone through a harrowing operation, and she didn't enjoy political life in the first place. They were quite wrong. Betty Ford today seems to be having the time of her life. She is out-running every word-mincing candidate in public opinion polls. She acknowledges that other First Ladies have felt overwhelmed, trapped by the White House. "It could be considered a goldfish bowl or a gilded cage," she mused in an interview with *TIME*'s Bonnie Angelo. "But I made up my mind that I wouldn't let it be that way. I would go ahead and live my life the way I normally would. I've done it. I'm having fun."

More Outgoing. There were some anxious days, though, she confides, during the flood of criticism that followed her candid observations on premarital affairs and pot on CBS's *60 Minutes*. The outrage was particularly violent among conservatives, whom her husband is courting. Then a pro-Betty backlash began to develop. Signs supporting the First Lady appeared in every crowd on the President's travels; his audiences

the Fords often worship, for a ribbon-cutting ceremony opening a Christmas bazaar. When a clown on hand for the occasion broke into a dance, Mrs. Ford, a former student of Martha Graham, spontaneously joined in. A few days later she taped a cameo appearance for a forthcoming *Mary Tyler Moore* show. The same day she helped launch a Braniff airplane painted with a Bicentennial design by Alexander Calder. At home, she brings in Liberty's puppies for guests to cuddle in the family living room, where the Fords do their personal entertaining—usually sit-on-the-floor buffet suppers. On a glorious Indian summer day last week, she strolled along Georgetown's Wisconsin Avenue, window-shopping. A florist thrust a bouquet into

her hands; a young woman impetuously gave her the book she was reading. A touched Mrs. Ford said: "I think they like to see me as a normal human being, doing the same thing they are doing."

The surveys indicate that Betty Ford could be an asset to Ford in his campaign. "I'll travel with him when I can, and I'll fill in when he can't be there," she says. "But I'm not going to talk issues. I can only say what I think—and sometimes my ideas may be at variance with his." Mrs. Ford would not have taken his hard line on New York City's financial crisis. She also feels strongly that a woman should be on the Supreme Court. As a lobbyist, Betty Ford shows innate skill. Along with the unique advantage of what she calls "pillow talk," she confides that she plans her lobbying with care. "I try to pick times when he's in a good mood. I certainly don't harangue him with it when he's had a tough day."

DICK HAUSTRAD



CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: BETTY FORD REHEARSING WITH MARY TYLER MOORE, ATTENDING RECEPTION FOR NATIONAL COUNCIL OF NEGRO WOMEN, GREETING ALEXANDER CALDER & WIFE

Last week, as Ronald Reagan challenged her husband for the Republican nomination, Betty Ford emphatically insisted that regardless of what happens in the months before the Republican National Convention, her husband "will go ahead with his plans." But she realistically appraised the long, hard political year ahead. "This is a very negative year for incumbents," she observed. "I was watching Jimmy Carter on television today, and I thought, 'It's quite an advantage to say all those things you would do, but when you are the incumbent you know those promises can't be kept.'"

Time to Plan. Political speculators are forewarned not to think that the President's lady, who years ago saw a psychiatrist as a consequence of the loneliness of political widowhood, would now encourage a decision to bow out. "It's a completely different world," she declares with enthusiasm. "I see more of Jerry than I ever did before. And there's so much I want to do to build interest in all of the performing arts, and for retarded citizens. Another four years would give time to plan so much more."

FRED WARD—BLACK STAR

broke into applause at the mention of her name. Pollster Louis Harris sampled the public and declared, "Betty Ford has now become one of the most popular wives of a President." By 64% to 23%, Harris also found approval of her cool statement that if her daughter were having an affair, she would want to know "if the young man were nice or not." Said Mrs. Ford of the findings: "I was completely dumbfounded."

Reassured, Betty Ford is more outgoing than ever. One recent morning, she arrived at St. John's Church, where



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CHINA

Ford's Duty Trip to Peking

International visits by a U.S. President must be planned long in advance—and they are not easy to call off. It is a full year since Henry Kissinger first announced that Gerald Ford had been invited to China. Much has changed since the date was made, and U.S.-China relations have cooled considerably. Nonetheless, the President late this week will dutifully fly out of Washington to keep his engagement in Peking.

One ranking China watcher in Washington discreetly observes that "it will not be a visit filled with news." As evidence, both sides agreed last month to cut Ford's stay from six to five days. Nonetheless, the Chinese reception will be as scrupulously correct—if not as spectacular—as that given Richard Nixon in his historic 1972 visit. U.S. TV technicians have already started work on installations in China for live transmissions. Ford's mornings will be for sightseeing at such likely sites as the Forbidden City and the Great Wall; afternoons will be for meetings, probably with Mao Tse-tung among others, as both sides size each other up.

Viewed from Peking, U.S. leadership is now a serious question mark, what with Ford facing Ronald Reagan's challenge on the right and Kissinger facing a contempt-of-Congress citation. The Chinese believe the Secretary of State is also on the defensive for his pursuit of détente with the Soviet Union, which they regard as a cave-in by Washington to imperialist Moscow's blandishments. In October, when Kissinger visited Peking for four days to prep for the Ford trip, he was openly lectured on the "illusions" of a policy the Chinese consider to be appeasement.

No Shifts. The Chinese sensitivity to any sign of U.S. softening toward the Soviet Union was vividly demonstrated after Ford sacked Defense Secretary James Schlesinger. Within hours of the announcement, high-ranking officials in China's Washington liaison office were seeking guidance on Capitol Hill. TIME has learned that they soon got a briefing from the office of Senator Henry Jackson, who is, like Schlesinger, a détente critic. Jackson sought to reassure the Chinese that the firing did not signal any automatic easing of U.S. firmness toward the Soviet Union. Ford and his men will seek to make that point again in Peking next week. But they already know that the Chinese may not be buying this argument—or much of anything else.

Washington believes that the Chinese are in no position to undertake any

major foreign policy shifts because of a crisis in their leadership. Moderate forces appear to retain the control that Premier Chou En-lai engineered for them at the National People's Congress early this year (TIME cover, Feb. 3). But Chou himself, 77, has been hospitalized since May with heart disease. Chairman Mao is semi-retired. He is still mentally alert at meetings with foreigners, but his thick Hunanese accent has been made more impenetrable by a speech defect. Even his interpreters must double-check with him to be sure of what he is saying.



VIEW OF PEKING'S TIENANMEN SQUARE; ABOVE: VICE PREMIER TENG HSIAO-PING
Not much news is expected, but at least the food will be good.

The man in day-to-day charge of Peking's affairs is Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping, 71, a blunt party bureaucrat whose brusque negotiating approach could scarcely differ more from Chou's graceful, urbane style. Exiled from power during the leftist-led Cultural Revolution in the '60s, Teng—with Chou's help—has made a startling comeback. "Imagine that a major Watergate figure like former Attorney General John Mitchell were to return to an even more influential post in five or six years, and you have a sense of Teng's unbelievable resurrection," reports TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schechter. China watchers, though, doubt that the moderates, led by Teng, or any other faction will have a sure grip on power after the era of Mao and Chou. Since there is no clear-cut heir apparent, and since there was a distinct chilliness between Teng and Kissinger during the Secretary's October visit, U.S. officials believe their most important job will be to establish a continuity of relationships that can survive Mao's death.

The general atmospherics and reac-

tions to personalities will probably be more important than the discussions on specific issues between China and the U.S. There is still no prospect of normalizing diplomatic relations between Peking and Washington until the U.S. cuts its ties with Taiwan. Peking unquestionably feels cheated about what it considers Washington's go-slow approach on Taiwan, especially since the end of the Viet Nam War. Indeed, partly because of sophisticated Nationalist Chinese lobbying, U.S.-Taiwan relations have improved. Last week the House was even readying a resolution reaffirming support of the Nationalists.

Little Substance. The result is that Taiwan may not even be a major topic in the Ford China talks. Nor is there much else of substance on the agenda—a measure of the uncertainty with which China and the U.S. now view each other. One Chinese official was apparently signaling his government's slight expectations for the meeting when he remarked to an American recently: "We will be delighted if your President comes to China and has a few good meals."



JUAN CARLOS, WITH HAND ON BIBLE, TAKES THE OATH AS KING IN THE CORTES



FRANCO'S WIFE & DAUGHTER AT HIS COFFIN

SPAIN

The Start of the Post-Franco Era

Premier Carlos Arias Navarro struggled to hold back tears as he faced a hastily set-up TV camera in his Madrid office and made the proclamation Spain had expected for more than a month. "Franco is dead," said Arias, his voice breaking. "The exceptional man who before God and history assumed immense responsibility and sacrifice to Spain has surrendered his life, burning day by day, hour by hour, in completing his transcendental mission."

Heavily sedated, Europe's last Fascist dictator died at 4:40 Thursday morning. He was only two weeks short of 83, and had ruled Spain for 36 years. The cause of death, according to the final hospital bulletin, was "irreversible cardiac arrest." It was something of a medical miracle that the frail Caudillo had survived so long as that. In the 34 days since Franco first collapsed with chest pains, he had undergone three operations that attempted to stem massive internal hemorrhaging and had suffered variously from Parkinson's disease, phlebitis, pulmonary edema and kidney failure. Even in conservative Catholic Spain, some questioned whether the 32 attending doctors might have striven too earnestly to keep the failing dictator alive. His nephew Nicolás Franco answered: "I think it was constructive. It gave Spain time to adjust to the idea that we would be without him."

After Arias' proclamation, Spain officially entered a 30-day period of national mourning. In Madrid, the morning newspapers were on the streets with headlines long since set: FRANCO HA

MUERTO. Radio stations dropped regular programming to play hour after hour of solemn requiem music. Later that day, Franco's body, dressed in a captain-general's uniform with a red sash, was borne from La Paz Hospital to El Pardo, his official residence outside Madrid, for a private funeral Mass. Spain's new ruler, Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón, was on hand accompanied by his attractive wife Sofia. Juan Carlos had assumed temporary powers for the second time as chief of state during Franco's final illness, but for two days after his death control of the government reverted to a three-man Council of Regency, headed by Cortes President Alejandro Rodríguez de Valsecar.

No Crowning. At the Mass, besides the Franco family, were Cabinet Ministers, the 17-member Council of the Realm and a few old cronies from Civil War days. One of them was former Labor Minister José Antonio Giron de Velasco, 64, defiantly dressed not in mourning clothes but in the uniform of Franco's Falange movement: blue shirt and black tie. A leading spokesman for the "bunker" of hard-liners who oppose political liberalization, Giron a few days earlier had warned: "We say no, a rigorous and sharp no, to any change in the system." The celebrant at the requiem Mass was the Archbishop of Madrid, Vicente Cardinal Enrique y Tarancon. A moderate reformer who has clashed with the regime, the cardinal in his restrained, stately eulogy noted that no man is free of mistakes. In effect, he proposed that Spain must accept the

Franco legacy—but must also improve upon it.

Whether that happens depends largely on the blond, handsome storybook princeling who at week's end became Spain's first King since his grandfather, Alfonso XIII, was deposed in 1931. The ceremony was brief but emotional; the traditional crown and scepter were present on a table in Madrid's packed Cortes, but Juan Carlos was not formally crowned. Dressed in the uniform of a captain-general of the Spanish army—a title held only by Franco and six other men in the country's history—Juan Carlos placed his hand on a Bible and promised "to comply with the laws of the realm and remain faithful to the principles that guide the National Movement" (the country's sole legal political party). There was speculation that as one of his first official acts, King Juan Carlos may posthumously ennoble his predecessor. It would be an ironic touch of regal glory for the Galician paymaster's son, who had held more power in his lifetime than the new King might ever know.

On Sunday the King presided over an official public state funeral, which was attended by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, Chilean President Augusto Pinochet, Jordan's King Hussein, and Monaco's Prince Rainier. Like the rest of the week's solemn pageantry, the details had been planned well in advance—many of them by Franco himself. After the funeral Mass in Madrid's packed Plaza de Oriente, his coffin was escorted from the palace by the red-bereted Guardia del Generalissimo, marching on each side of the casket, to the Arch of Victory a mile away. There the body was transferred from a horse-drawn gun carriage to a hearse for the

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THE WORLD

29-mile drive north along the Coruña highway to the Valley of the Fallen, the grim memorial to dead soldiers of the Civil War that was largely built by the labor of political prisoners. As the body was lowered into the grave, artillery batteries in Madrid thundered out a final 21-gun salute.

Even as he lay dying, Franco made one final effort to maintain a hold on Spain's future. After announcing the dictator's demise, Arias fished a large white envelope from his jacket pocket and read what he called "Franco's last thoughts on his final day of work." The message had been written on Oct. 20 and typed up that night by his daughter Carmencita. In it, the Caudillo declared that the hour had come for him to appear before God's "unquestioned judgment." He forgave his foes, adding haughtily, "I do not want to have any other enemies than those who are enemies of Spain." He asked that the Spanish people give "the same affection and loyalty" to Juan Carlos as they had extended to him. In a sentence clearly addressed to the new King, he warned that "the enemies of Spain and Christian civilization are alerted."

Liberal Token. One immediate token of the new King's liberalism would be whether or not he freed some of the 800 to 2,000 political prisoners thought to be held in Spanish jails. In the view of Spanish legal experts, he could do this by means of an amnesty rather than by using pardons. "There is a very important distinction," one of the government officials told TIME Madrid Bureau Chief Gavin Scott. "An amnesty says you didn't do it. A pardon says you did but you are forgiven."

The real clue to the King's feelings about the political freedoms most Spaniards want will be his choice of a Premier. Arias is expected to remain in the post for perhaps six months, but only in order to help the new King and the country make a smooth and peaceful transition. Meanwhile, he and Juan Carlos were expected to rearrange membership on the Council of the Realm. Its principal task is to propose a slate of three candidates from among whom Juan Carlos will ultimately choose his own Premier. By replacing aging and unreconstructed rightists on the council, Juan Carlos could in effect select his own candidate ahead of time. Among the leading possibilities are Manuel Fraga Iribarne, 53, a center rightist and former Minister of Tourism; and José María de Areilza, Count of Morrico, 65, a monarchist and former ambassador to Washington.

If by "enemies of Spain" Franco had meant the Communists and other political parties, they were strangely quiet last week. Some were fearful of a police roundup of known dissidents or impromptu raids by right-wing hoodlums (including, possibly, off-duty cops). Others, though, were clearly waiting to see which way the King would move.

PORTUGAL

'Anarchy, Yes, But Not So Much'

"What do you think of our strike?" quipped Socialist Leader Mário Soares last week. He was referring to one of the most bizarre events in Portugal since the 1974 revolution: the government itself was staging a walkout. Its strike was to protest the massive rallies that have stymied its every move and the military's inability to guarantee its security to govern. The action meant that the 15-member Cabinet would no longer show up for work until President Francisco da Costa Gomes managed to restore discipline to the armed forces.

In theory, the move seemed fair enough. If everyone else could strike for what they want, why not the government? Actually, it was a move born of desperation, and it could well spell the end of the two-month-old government of moderate Premier José Pinheiro de Azevedo. President Costa Gomes, who is also commander in chief of the armed

forces, went into session with the ruling Revolutionary Council to deal with the crisis. Abhorring a vacuum, the Communists quickly mobilized several thousand faithful, who marched outside the presidential palace, chanting: "Reactionsaries out of the government."

Tentative Step. Costa Gomes, known in Lisbon as "the cork" because he always seems to bob up on top of every political crisis, waffled as usual. Addressing the crowd outside the palace as "my dear friends and comrades," he warned that if the Portuguese people did not reconcile their differences, they risked "a reaction from the right that could lead them to a regime similar to that in Chile." Nonetheless, he assured them, "while I am in this place, I will do everything possible to see that the reforms that are made in this country under any government will always be in favor of you, the working people."

After a meeting with Costa Gomes, Pinheiro de Azevedo emerged visibly angered. Only the week before he—along with 150 members of the Constituent Assembly—had been imprisoned for 37 hours in São Bento Palace by a mob of 60,000 construction workers seeking a 30% pay rise. After the meeting with the President, he told reporters: "I am fed up with being held prisoner. It is time the President resolved this crisis."

Moderates on the Revolutionary Council were helpless against moves by organized pressure groups in the army and among the workers. Attempts to replace maverick leftist General Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho—who openly sympathizes with riotous workers' demonstrations—as military commander of Lisbon failed when leftist commanders of the Lisbon units met and refused to accept Otelo's successor. The defeat was an ominous one for Pinheiro de Azevedo.

PRESIDENT COSTA GOMES



COMMUNIST SYMPATHIZERS DEMONSTRATING FOR PEOPLE POWER IN LISBON



THE WORLD

edo's Sixth Provisional government.

Alarmed by the growing threat of mob rule, which radicals euphemistically called *poder popular* (people power), Pinheiro de Azevedo has warned: "People power becomes tyranny when it is not united under a body of law." In the wake of the construction workers' lock-in of the Premier, the 247-member Constituent Assembly debated whether to move to the more tranquil environs of Oporto in the north. In the end, they decided to stay in Lisbon to show they were not afraid, but they did pass a motion allowing them to meet anywhere in the country if conditions warrant. Disgruntled businessmen bitterly joked that Portugal has become a "country under self-management," and one wit painted a slogan on a Lisbon wall reading: "Anarchy, yes, but not so much."

New Rumors. In fact, a little self-management would not be half bad. In the 19 months since the Portuguese revolution, virtually every institution in the country has fallen victim to political factionalism and a contest of wills. Even the now factionalized Armed Forces Movement, the tightly knit group of officers who engineered the 1974 revolution, realizes that it must come to some kind of agreement or it will be impossible for any government to operate. At week's end, the Revolutionary Council urged that the Cabinet return to its duties and try to resolve the crisis. But there are new rumors that Costa Gomes might appoint an all-military Cabinet in hopes of ending leftist defiance of the government within the armed forces.

As if President Costa Gomes did not have enough trouble in Lisbon, General Atílio Magalhães, military governor of the Portuguese Azores, last week warned that the islands would not accept a government that was unrepresentative of the Portuguese people. The statement was interpreted as a veiled threat that Magalhães and the island's other military commanders may join forces with the secessionist Azorian Liberation Front (FLA) if near anarchy continues to dominate Portuguese politics. The right-wing FLA, which advocates independence for the Azores, has proved nettlesome in the past; late last month it fomented riots against Portuguese troops, closed down the radio station, and demanded a referendum on the question of independence. Although the U.S. Government claims "strict non-involvement" with the Azorian separatists, TIME has learned that middle-level State Department officials have received FLA representatives in Washington, and the CIA has developed extensive contacts with the separatists. The purpose, says TIME's source, was "to keep lines of communication open and occasionally to provide some guidance and share information about developments on the mainland." The CIA also wanted to be in a position to help push for secession if Lisbon went Communist.

ANGOLA

A Little Help From Some Friends

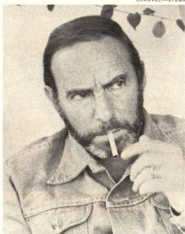
"If only outsiders had stayed out," observed a Portuguese businessman in the Angolan capital of Luanda, "this might have remained a low-level civil war in the bush. But now everybody's in, and the thing is beyond solution." That seemed to be an accurate appraisal last week, as Angola was engulfed in civil war.

Largely because of Angola's huge oil and mineral wealth, foreign interests have long been active behind the scenes in support of one or another of the country's three rival liberation movements. But since independence day (TIME, Nov. 24), these nations no longer pretend to conceal their activities. Arms, advisers and mercenaries from at least a dozen countries have been pouring into Angola. Even the aging British mercenary, Colonel Michael ("Mad Mike") Hoare, 55, leader of the fabled Fifth Mercenary Commando that fought in the Congo during the early '60s, seemed to be gearing up for action. Said one of the commandos at Hoare's annual reunion last week in Johannesburg: "There's something in the wind. I believe that nego-

gians who fear their property will be confiscated by the country's other government, the Luanda-based People's Republic of Angola. Founded by the Soviet-backed M.P.L.A. of Agostinho Neto, the People's Republic has already been recognized by Moscow, most of the Eastern European bloc and ten African nations, including the nearby Congo Republic.

Both sides seem desperately eager for outside help from their friends. The M.P.L.A. now admits that Cubans (an estimated 3,000, half of them combat soldiers) have joined its side. There are also some 4,000 refugees from the 1960-63 Katanga rebellion, most of them diehard opponents of Mobutu, who are fighting for the M.P.L.A. A hundred or more Algerians, Brazilians and North Vietnamese are also involved as advisers, technicians and tacticians. Moscow reportedly has dispatched 400 technicians to train Angolans to use Russian equipment, including light artillery and anti-aircraft guns being disgorged daily at Luanda's Craveiro Lopes Airport.

Shrill Reports. The ranks of the F.N.L.A. and UNITA, meanwhile, have become equally internationalized with Zaïre regulars, former members of the Portuguese army including a leader named Colonel Santos e Castro, white Rhodesians, Angolans and Mozambicans. There are even a few American veterans acting as advisers. South Africa has denied persistent reports that its army regulars are fighting in Angola, but admits that its units have crossed the border in "hot pursuit" of guerrillas belonging to the SWAPO independence movement in Namibia (South West Africa). Forces on the South West Africa border have been put on "low-key alert," and some of the country's toughest com-



F.N.L.A.'S SANTOS E CASTRO
And maybe "Mad Mike."

tations are taking place. We feel there may be a role for us in Angola."

If the commandos swing back into action, they presumably would go in on the side of the Democratic People's Republic of Angola (capital: Huambo), which was formed by a coalition of Holden Roberto's F.N.L.A. and Jonas Savimbi's UNITA. The F.N.L.A. has the open support of a peculiar combination: Zaïre's President Mobutu Sese Seko, the U.S. (which funnels money through Zaïre for weapons), Western business interests—and China. Savimbi's group, meanwhile, has been bankrolled by South Africans and wealthy white An-

CUBAN SOLDIER WITH THE M.P.L.A.





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bat troops have been dispatched to the area. Last week South African Defense Minister P.W. Botha ominously called for countries in southern Africa "separately and collectively" to act to ward off a Russian plan to subvert the African subcontinent.

Both the Russians and Chinese obviously see Angola as crucial to their interests in Africa, and indeed both sides in the fighting are using Communist-made weapons. Although the M.P.L.A. is better armed at the moment, it is losing ground to the rival forces. By last week, the Neto government had abandoned the Atlantic coastal cities of Nova Redondo and Porto Amboim, and there were reports that an F.N.L.A.-UNITA column was only 60 miles south of Dondo, where a dam on the Cwanza River supplies all of Luanda's power.

Apparently reacting to the M.P.L.A. losses, reports from Moscow about the Angolan fighting grew increasingly shrill. In a particularly vituperative broadside against Peking, Tass accused the Chinese of plunging a "knife into the back" of Angolans seeking self-determination, and charged that Peking had entered into a conspiracy with the U.S. and the racist regimes of South Africa and Rhodesia.

MIDDLE EAST

The Happy Hand-Over

Rusting and broken pipelines and stretches of barbed wire litter the sand around the deserted town of Ras Sudr, once a dusty bedroom community for Egyptian and foreign workers at the nearby oilfields. The wells of Ras Sudr produce only 3,000 bbl. of crude a day—a trickle by Middle Eastern standards and only a fraction of the 75,000 bbl. daily pumped out of Abu Rudeis. But the desolate, cactus-covered patch of desert with its huddle of workers' decaying cottages has a considerable symbolic importance. Under the second Sinai accord worked out last summer by Secretary Kissinger, Ras Sudr was scheduled to be the first oilfield in the Sinai from which Israel would withdraw.

Last week Israel formally handed over control of the oilfield to Indonesian officers of the United Nations Emergency Force. Two days after the Israeli pullout, Egypt formally took possession again. Within hours a tanker had been loaded and was under way with a cargo of the first oil from the lost fields of the Sinai to head for Suez in eight years. TIME's Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn was at Ras Sudr when the oil to Egypt started flowing. His report:

Ras Sudr lies on a dry plain, with the Sinai mountains to the east and, across the Gulf of Suez, Egypt's Red Sea hills barely visible to the west. The town is just 30 miles south of the spot where, according to local tradition, Moses struck

the rock and made water gush forth. Instead of striking a rock, Egyptian Minister of Petroleum Ahmed Ezzedin Hilal turned a valve and a jet of black crude spurted across the sand. "God be praised," Hilal said. "I cannot express in words the happiness I feel."

One after another, Egyptian dignitaries took turns opening the valve and sending jets of oil across the sand. Finally, an executive of Mobil Oil—a partner of the Egyptian oil firm that controls the wells—warned: "Better hold off, boys. That stuff is worth ten dollars a barrel."

Nile Drink. After the valve-turning ceremony, Hilal led a motorcade to Ras Sudr's tiny terminal, where the 13,500-ton Egyptian tanker *Salaam* lay in shallow water offshore. An aide handed a folded Egyptian flag to Abdel Moneim Karamany, the governor of Sinai, who

Nile and that means they will return."

Apparently sensing that they would eventually have to give up Ras Sudr, the Israelis did almost no maintenance in the eight years they were here. Most of the buildings are without doors or windows. The pipelines have been almost totally destroyed by war or chopped up and run over by heavy equipment.

But there was no evidence of deliberate destruction by the Israelis, and there were even some signs of good will: just before leaving, the Israelis repaired the Ras Sudr mosque. "We can say," summed up Oil Minister Hilal, "that the agreement is being carried out as agreed upon." Next step in carrying out the Sinai accord: on Nov. 30, the Israelis will hand over the much larger oilfields at Abu Rudeis. That transaction is also expected to go smoothly.



EGYPTIAN OIL MINISTER HILAL (RIGHT) AT VALVE-OPENING CEREMONY IN RAS SUDR

kissed it, fixed it to a rope and hoisted it onto a steel platform. A small crowd of Bedouins and a couple of sheiks watched, intoning "*Allahu akbar*" (God is great). Hilal and Karamany then stepped into a launch to visit the *Salaam* and congratulate its crew before the tanker sailed off to Suez.

Like the interim agreement itself, the happy hand-over of Ras Sudr owes much to American help. Experts from several American oil firms, including hard-bitten ex-roughnecks from Texas, had gone to Ras Sudr in October to arrange the turnover on Egypt's behalf. At the signing ceremony, which took place inside a former Israeli compound (a sign on the fence in Hebrew warned of land mines), the Egyptians beamingly approved of the Americans' work. "You have done a great job," said Hilal. "We hope we will see you again in Egypt." Answered Mobil's Cairo manager Ross Sawtelle on behalf of his crewmen: "They have drunk of the water of the

The Golan Heights: Perilous Frontier

"The end of the United Nations mandate is approaching. We are obliged to be more alert than ever."

So read a warning in the dining hall of an Israeli kibbutz on the Golan Heights last week. That was a reference to Nov. 30, the day on which the third six-month mandate for the U.N. Disengagement Observer Force posted between Syrian and Israeli troops on the Heights is due to expire. Unfortunately, one Golan settlement was not secure enough. One night last week Arab gunmen infiltrated a kibbutz called Ramat Maghshim (Hill of the Achievers), which had a population of 200 Orthodox Jewish settlers. The Arabs killed three students and wounded two others before escaping across the Syrian frontier.

The attack on Ramat Maghshim

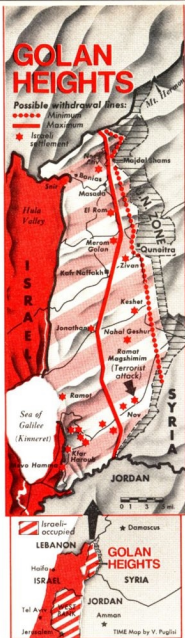


SURVIVOR OF RAMAT MAGSHIMIM RAID
"We are obliged to be more alert."

focused new attention on Israel's most perilous frontier. The Heights are a very different proposition from the Sinai peninsula, where Secretary of State Kissinger was able earlier this year to work out a second disengagement accord between Israel and Egypt. For one thing, the Golan is a much smaller area—444 sq. mi., compared with 23,622 sq. mi. for the Sinai. For another, the Heights are not barren desert but an area of green, undulating hills with considerable strategic value. Although some military people say jets and missiles make this kind of thinking obsolete, neither the Syrians nor Israelis think so. The Heights look down on Syria's Damascus plain and dominate Israeli settlements around the Sea of Galilee (*see map*).

Vocal Hawks. If anything, the Syrians are even more adamant than the Egyptians in insisting that Israel must return all Arab lands seized during the Six-Day War. The diplomatic problem is that the Israelis have created on the Golan Heights what they euphemistically refer to as "new facts"—no fewer than 18 settlements containing 2,500 people, who have replaced the 70,000 Syrians who lived there prior to 1967. Since the region has ample water and long, sunny summers, the hard-working farmers have become prosperous. More significantly, since they occupy the sites from which Syrian bunkers shelled Israeli farmers in the Hula Valley below before 1967, the Golan colonists see themselves in a quasi-military role. There are no more vocal hawks in Israel today, report *TIME* correspondents Marlin Levin and David Halevy, who last week toured the Golan from the foothills of Mount Hermon down to the Sea of Galilee.

Not a single Israeli living on the Heights is prepared to come down ex-



cept as part of an overall peace agreement. Levin and Halevy discovered, although the reasons for remaining vary from kibbutz to kibbutz. Some settlements have been established by religious Jews with visions of recovering all the land encompassed by the Israel of biblical times. Says Gideon Bachau, 24, a former paratrooper who lives at Kibbutz Keshet: "This area is more Jewish than some other parts of Israel. Tel Aviv, for instance, was always Philistine country." Other settlers cling to the Heights for more down-to-earth reasons. Explains Zipporah Harel, whose husband was one of the first six farmers to occupy the area: "We are not here because of a love of this land or because it was once Jewish. We are here to protect our country."

Although settlements have been on

THE WORLD

the Heights for eight years—some kibbutzim feel secure enough to contemplate building swimming pools—the Israeli government has never spelled out a clear-cut policy concerning civilian development. Some Israeli military planners fervently wish that there were no settlers there at all. "Civilians simply get in the way when you are fighting," says one, recalling the October war when surprised Israeli troops took heavy losses on the Heights. Some dovish politicians even believe the Heights should be abandoned. Realistically, however, no Israeli government could retreat totally from the Heights and still remain in power.

No Token. What Premier Yitzhak Rabin would like to do is trade a piece of land for a piece of peace, as Israel and Egypt did in Sinai, but the options on the Golan are more limited. If Syria agrees to extend the U.N. mandate for a long period, sign a no-war pledge and begin negotiations, Israel is ready to hand back bits of territory, including five Druze villages in the shadow of Mount Hermon whose 9,000 residents would prefer to be under Syrian rule in any event. As part of a final peace agreement with Syria, Israel would cede back additional land, including five Israeli settlements, one of which would be Ramat Magshimim. The Syrians, however, reject any token or cosmetic adjustment of the sovereignty line on the Golan as insulting and inadequate. As long as there is so little prospect for compromise, the Israelis will be dug in on the Golan, more alert than ever.

BRITAIN

Scottish Rumblings

Scotland's armed resistance to her union with England ended in 1746, when the kilted army of Bonnie Prince Charlie was crushed at the Battle of Culloden. But Scottish nationalist yearnings never quite died away, and in the past five years the ancient Gaelic quest for independence has become a political force to reckon with. Founded in 1934, the once minuscule Scottish Nationalist Party gained 31% of the vote and eleven seats in Parliament at the 1974 elections, largely on the basis of a platform calling for more autonomy for Scotland and, eventually, full independence.

The size of the S.N.P. vote forced Prime Minister Harold Wilson's Labor Party to take note of these discontented rumblings from the north. Thus last week, Wilson, in the annual speech from the throne delivered by Queen Elizabeth, announced that his government planned to introduce legislation "devolving" some of the functions now carried out by Parliament to new regional assemblies in Scotland and Wales.

In theory, that promise should have been an occasion for rejoicing by the Scottish Nationalists. Instead, they were

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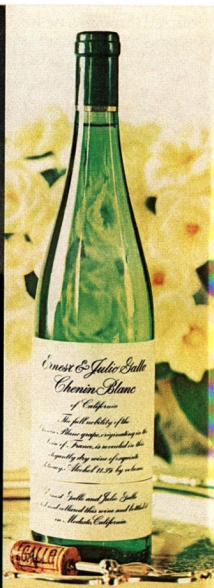
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The QE 2 Connection

Ever since militant members of the Irish Republican Army began exporting their campaign of violence from Ulster to Britain, Scotland Yard has suspected they were smuggling in explosives and weapons aboard an unlikely gunrunner: the 1,800-passenger liner *Queen Elizabeth 2*. In 1972 two of the vessel's kitchen porters were charged with possession of rifles and hand grenades on board, following one of the ship's stopovers in New York. An I.R.A. bomb factory was discovered last December in Southampton, the liner's home port, which has long been a center of I.R.A. activity in Britain. Last week, following a police raid that netted the biggest haul of explosives since the terrorist campaign began in Britain, Scotland Yard authorities believed they were closer than ever to establishing the *QE 2* connection.

Stem-to-Stern. Acting on a tip, police broke into a storage locker belonging to a resident of Albion Towers, a 15-story Southampton public housing project, and uncovered a 400-lb. cache of gelignite. That is enough explosive material to make about 80 bombs of the type that have terrorized London since the I.R.A. opened a new campaign of random bombing three months ago. The gelignite was later traced to an Irish explosives manufacturer and presumably had been transported into Britain directly across the Irish Sea. But shortly after finding it, police rounded up 46 suspects, including a number of "past or present crew members" of the *QE 2*, and held them without charge under Britain's antiterrorism law.

Some 100 cops and customs officials

also swarmed on board the luxury liner, which was in berth undergoing some repairs prior to a Caribbean cruise, and began a stem-to-stern search for more explosives. They forced open crew members' lockers and sampled the air from dozens of compartments with a sophisticated explosive detector known as a "gas chromatography" machine. The *QE 2* was clean—her 1,176 closely searched passengers left on schedule Thursday for their holiday—but Scotland Yard's bomb squad will clearly continue monitoring her comings and goings with considerably more than casual interest.

One hypothesis the police intend to investigate further: that I.R.A. sympathizers in Ireland smuggle weapons and explosives aboard the *QE 2* at Cork, where she sometimes stops on her trans-Atlantic route. The illicit cargo is kept undercover during the Manhattan turn-around and then smuggled off the ship when she returns to Southampton. British authorities also suspect that weapons smugglers are receiving financial and other help from U.S. sympathizers, especially Irish-American enclaves along the East Coast.

For its part, the I.R.A. has clearly not been forced out of business by losing its cache at the Albion Towers. Three days after the raid, a bomb was hurled through the window of London's chic Walton's restaurant, two blocks from Harrods department store in the Knightsbridge district, killing two diners and injuring 20 others. It was the 16th such terrorist attack since August 27, and it brought the toll in the current bombing campaign to eight dead and 187 injured.

POLICE WATCH AS PROVISIONS ARE LOADED ABOARD THE QE 2 IN SOUTHAMPTON



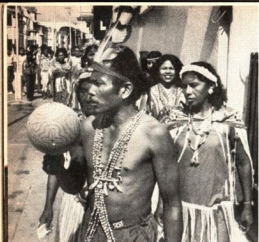
PIPER LEAD S.N.P. RALLY

No joy at a "cynical betrayal."

outraged. In a subsequent debate on the speech, Scottish M.P. Winifred Ewing dramatically walked out of the House of Commons, and Party Leader Donald Stewart accused Wilson of "a cynical betrayal of a clear electoral commitment to the people of Scotland." What irritated the S.N.P. was a kicker to Wilson's promise: the Prime Minister indicated that he hoped to have a lengthy national debate on the subject before presenting firm proposals to Commons sometime after next November.

Losing the Oil. Although other party leaders agreed with Wilson that such a debate made good political sense, the S.N.P. felt that Wilson was dragging his feet on the controversial issue. S.N.P. Whip Douglas Henderson warned that his party would seek the "right opportunity" to defeat the government in a vote of no-confidence, thereby forcing new elections. Although Labor has a paper-thin margin of one in the 635-member House, it is unlikely that the angry Scots can rally all the non-Labor M.P.s to bring the government down. In any case, it would not help much because they are even cooler to the Scots' cause than are many Laborites.

Many Englishmen are particularly worried about devolution for Scotland—Wales is less of a problem—since a semiautonomous sub-government in Edinburgh would eventually lay claim to most of the North Sea oil revenues that are counted upon to bail Britain out of the economic doldrums. On the other hand, if the legislation fails, Labor is in deep trouble: its command of Parliament depends on the vote of 41 Scottish M.P.s. According to one recent poll, 30% of Labor voters in Scotland will switch to another party—most of them to the Scottish Nationalists—if self-government is voted down.



NATIVE INDIANS OUTSIDE PARLIAMENT



PRIME MINISTER HENCK ARRON



SURINAM

Birth Pangs of a Polyglot State

After four days of debate that often lasted until dawn, the parliament of the world's newest, and 156th, sovereign state unanimously approved a constitution. The staid, protocol-conscious assembly in Surinam's capital of Paramaribo erupted in cheers. Outside, a crowd waiting for the vote roared its approval and set off celebratory firecrackers. As the parliamentarians stood to sing the national anthem, a Creole woman placed garlands of ribbons around the neck of Prime Minister Henck Arron and Opposition Leader Jaggernath Lachmon, head of the Hindustani Vatan Hitkari (Progressive Reform) party. Close to tears, the two longtime political opponents embraced.

There is serious question, though, as to how long the euphoria will last. Surinam, which formally becomes independent at midnight this Tuesday, is a polyglot* New England-size former Dutch colony on South America's humid equatorial coast, with some exotic and bitter divisions. The new nation's largest single racial group—129,500 East Indians known locally as Hindustanis—almost universally opposed independence. They feared political and economic repression by the 108,500 Creoles (blacks and mulattoes), most of whom belong to leftist-influenced parties supporting Prime Minister Arron. Joining forces with Surinam's 63,000 Javanese, the Creoles took control of the pre-independence assembly in 1973 elections. The state's 40,000 Bush Negroes—descendants of escaped slaves who live tribally in Surinam's jungles—have always preferred dealing directly with the Dutch, and distrust the Creoles. Another ethnic group consists of 10,000 largely apolitical indigenous Indians.

Even some Creoles and their Javanese allies are wary about Surinam's future. Arron's new government needs to

work out an accommodation with the Hindustanis, who traditionally ran most of the country's commerce and supplied most of its doctors and teachers. Last week's debate over the constitution was forced by nervous Hindustanis who demanded—and eventually got—promises of such safeguards as an army composed of all ethnic groups and elections within three months. "If the government obeys it, we have a very democratic constitution here," said Opposition Leader Lachmon. "If it is obeyed, it can be one of the best constitutions in the world. If it is not, I hate to predict what might happen."

Golden Handshake. The most enthusiastic advocates of independence have been the Dutch, who governed Surinam as a colony for more than 300 years. The Hague government is rapidly trying to unload the vestiges of its old colonial empire—an anachronistic embarrassment. Beyond that, The Netherlands has grown tired of the strife that has racked Surinam since the Hindustanis lost the 1973 elections. A tide of mostly Hindustani immigrants has swollen The Netherlands' Surinamese population from 60,000 to 140,000; they have come to take advantage of the citizenship—not to mention the lavish welfare system—that the Dutch offer all their colonial subjects. At first the newcomers were warmly welcome. But the tolerant Dutch are troubled by Surinamese ghettos growing up in their near towns. Many of the immigrants are without jobs and have no marketable skills; some have turned to crime.

Anxious to stanch the flow of immigrants, the government of Prime Minister Joop den Uyl has offered the Surinamese what U.S. Consul-General Robert Flanegin calls "the biggest golden handshake any colonialist power has ever conferred on a former colony." Surinam will get \$1.7 billion in aid over the next 10 to 15 years. At the same time, independence will mean giving up



CREOLE WOMAN IN INDEPENDENCE T SHIRT
Bauxite and a golden handshake.

the right to unlimited immigration to The Netherlands. Last week in languid Paramaribo, one hit song was a mournful ballad called *There Is No Room for Surinamese in Holland Any More*.

If so many talented Hindustanis had not left the country, the aid would not be needed quite so critically. Surinam is one of the world's leading exporters of bauxite, the ore from which aluminum is refined. Already determined reserves are more than 500 million tons, and untold additional tonnage is believed to exist beneath unexplored jungle. Surinam provides about one-fifth of U.S. bauxite needs. Meanwhile, the new nation has other markets and friends. Venezuela will soon give oil to Surinam in exchange for bauxite, and Brazil may build a highway through the jungle to gain another port on the Atlantic.

Manpower Hemorrhage. Nonetheless, the emigration of talent and labor hurts. Last week a diplomat's wife complained that there was only one plumber left in Paramaribo. There were hundreds of doctors, teachers and merchants among the emigrants, and the manpower hemorrhage included not only professionals but critically important farm workers as well. Surinam, a nation that imports more than 50% of its foodstuffs, must now also import farm workers to help harvest its sugar cane crops.

*Locally used languages include Dutch, French, Hindi, English, Javanese, Chinese and Taki-Taki, an English-based patois made up of many tongues.



Merci Canada, for another good reason to commit to coal and conservation!

The U. S. had been importing from Canada 1,000,000 barrels of oil a day.

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DOWNTOWN SÃO PAULO (LEFT) & LIMA SLUM

South America: Notes on a New Continent

Time Inc. Editor-in-Chief Hedley Donovan, accompanied by Board Chairman Andrew Heiskell, recently concluded a six-country fact-finding tour of Latin America. Donovan's report on the trip:

It is a rare moment, after years of journalistic travels, to have a whole fresh continent to see for the first time.

Mountains, jungle, savanna, pampas, desert and suddenly, amidst all the distances, a city of four million, or eight. Against the Big Sky of the Brazilian interior, the wide, windy vistas of Brasilia, with some human touches creeping in around the edges of the totalitarian master design—it will be a great capital in 1990 when it gets past 1984. From the plane, a fabulous fiery sunset over the estuary of the Río de la Plata, lights coming on in Uruguay and Argentina on either side of the river. Another sunset, seen from sea level, the eye drawn up walls of ochre, rust and dusty rose to the snow fields on the crest of the Chilean Andes. Everywhere, people of charm, energy, talent, incorrigibly attracted to non-Anglo-Saxon forms of government.

The brevity of the visit is remarked at each stop. You point out that if you stayed the fortnight you would wish in Country A, you couldn't go on to B and C, and how long has it been, by the way, since your new Brazilian friend was in Chile, or your Peruvian lunch companion in Argentina? A long time, it usually turns out, and sometimes never. This conversation, all the way around the continent, serves as a steady reminder that South America still is more of an entity on the map than in the minds of the South Americans.

There are only three Latin American leaders with any sort of audience outside their own country: Fidel Castro, but he has somehow become slightly old-hat, either as a menace or an inspiration; Luis Echeverría of Mexico, presiding over a dynamic entrepreneurial economy while talking a medium-left, aggressively Third World line; and one South American, the impressive Carlos Andrés Pérez of Venezuela. Pérez heads one of the only two working democracies in South America (Colombia is the other), and he has oil, 2.4 million bbl. a day. He is not self-righteous about his country's democracy (he is too well aware of Venezuela's turbulent history), and he is too smart to seem to reach for any continental "leadership" role. He has large economic plans for Venezuela and many discontented citizens who wonder when all the oil money will matter in their own lives.

There is a measure of South American unity in three attitudes toward the industrial world and, especially, the U.S.:

► The feeling that the advanced industrial nations exploit the Third World is stronger than ever and is remarkably adapt-

able to shifting circumstances in the world economy. In the winter of 1973-74, when OPEC was inflicting the maximum pain on the oil-consuming world, all the South American nations except Venezuela and Ecuador were also hurt. But they were full of heady visions of "other OPECs" that could force the rich North to pay much more for copper, bauxite, coffee, etc. Then the weakening of world demand knocked down raw materials prices; copper fell from \$1.50 to 50¢ per lb., and Peru and Chile now say the industrial world is "exporting its recession." There is still very little interest in South America in the whole subject of how the advanced world got to be advanced.

► The subject of the Panama Canal unites South Americans. The Zone is seen as an odious relic of the imperialist age. All the governments support the Panamanians' demand for a new treaty granting them unmistakable sovereignty over the Zone, with details of canal operations and U.S. military presence to be negotiated. General Omar Torrijos Herrera, Panama's strongman, is willing to wait until after the U.S. election for the new treaty (he has heard of the "Teddy Roosevelt lobby"). But something must give in 1977. He speaks of restraining "the students" (at the University of Panama) as another general might speak of withholding his paratroopers. Secretary Kissinger has said that if the U.S. fails to renegotiate the status of the canal, "ten years from now we may face a guerrilla war in the Western Hemisphere."

► South America would give Kissinger good marks on the canal but would accuse him of general neglect of the hemisphere, which is seen as characteristic of all U.S. Administrations as well as the U.S. press and public.

Though the South American countries can thus agree on certain common grievances against the U.S., they have deeper hostilities, between classes and interests, within their own countries. The two can sometimes merge, as in the Chilean leftist underground, where the hated Pinochet junta is seen as a creature of the Pentagon and CIA.

President Augusto Pinochet Ugarte was wearing a heavy tweed jacket, brown slacks and loafers when we met him at Edificio Diego Portales. He is a ruddy, thickset man with the look of a prosperous Swiss dairy farmer in town for the day. One had half-expected a general's braided visor, the dark glasses and cruel lips seen on all the anti-junta posters from Sweden to Berkeley. "You can see I am not so horrible," said Pinochet, "that I don't eat babies." In an anteroom outside his office, a memorable scene: 22 generals of the Chilean army were waiting to be called in, one by one, to hear whether they would be promoted, re-



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THE WORLD

tired, or held in place another year. Perhaps Pinochet would slip into uniform for those sessions.

Since it overthrew the Allende regime two years ago, the junta has probably "detained" for political reasons some 90,000 people, of whom about two-thirds were held for more than 72 hours. By conservative estimate, more than 3,000 of these prisoners were executed without trial or died of torture. There are thought to be at least 5,000 political prisoners in jail today.

The regime says these figures are greatly exaggerated; a few abuses have taken place (Pinochet says twelve officers were recently jailed for mistreating prisoners). In any case, firm measures are needed to deal with the guerrilla threat: look at Argentina, where leftist terrorists are assassinating and kidnapping people every day.

Many critics of the Chilean junta have found it easy to forget what a disaster the Allende regime was. Elected as a minority candidate, Allende allowed his radical backers to mount a campaign to destroy the possibility of any effective opposition, in the press or elsewhere. The economy was in chaos. Increasingly violent demonstrations and paralyzing strikes had created a state of near anarchy.

Pinochet and his generals have been pursuing draconian deflationary measures. The rate of inflation has been halved—to an appalling 340% a year. There is hunger in the shantytowns of Santiago, and unemployment is running close to 20%.

The junta thinks the U.S. should be grateful for the replacement of Allende by an anti-Communist regime and cannot understand why U.S. Senators, journalists, *et al.* harp on "human rights." Said Pinochet: "We are better friends to the United States than the United States is to us."

Within Chile, the Roman Catholic Church is now the regime's weightiest opposition. It has sponsored the remarkable Committee on Cooperation for Peace, which sought information about political prisoners, gave them and their families what legal help it could, tried to find jobs for released prisoners, and arranged some departures from the country. The committee operated under the patronage and protection of Raúl Cardinal Silva Henríquez, the Archbishop of Santiago, who maintains a brisk and good-humored air despite the travails of his flock and his own delicate position. It seemed something of a miracle the committee could function at all, and Pinochet has asked the cardinal to disband it, alleging that it served Communist interests. The cardinal said he would comply but warned that the closing down of the committee would create more problems for Chile than it solved.

Americans once assumed that all the world was evolving, or should be, toward Wisconsin- or New Zealand-style democracy. We now know it is not happening any time soon, certainly not in South America.

But this does not mean Latin Hitlers or Stalins. You can have freewheeling political conversations in Chile, Peru, Brazil and Argentina. The press has considerable freedom in Argentina, some in Brazil and Peru, and a bit in Chile. In Peru, there is a legally active opposition party, though it has no election to get ready for.

In Brazil, the military regime has been nursing along, although not very fast, an official opposition party, which won majorities in many of the state legislatures last year. Free municipal elections are scheduled for next year, though the opposition is a bit skeptical as to whether this will really happen—and says so out loud. The powerful Brazilian state governors are still appointed by the President. And the President is

chosen in a consensus of generals and business interests. The consensus candidate will have a token opponent at the next election in 1978; the election after that might be real.

The present South American generals are not man-on-horseback types. There are none as dramatic as some of our own republican generals, *e.g.*, MacArthur or Patton. Few have ever seen a war, of course. They have labored up through a bureaucracy whose military functions are essentially of a police character—*i.e.*, keeping internal order—combined sometimes with managerial responsibilities in state enterprises. The generals are mainly of middle-class and lower-middle-class background, usually not sons of the oligarchy or of the dispossessed, and are assumed to have a kind of disinterestedness and loyalty to the country above class.

General Ernesto Geisel, the President of Brazil, is probably the only Lutheran chief of state in Latin American history. He gives no interviews and keeps a low profile, though his kindly grandfather photograph (in civilian dress) is standard décor in government offices. His last job was as president of Petrobrás, the state oil monopoly. The No. 2 figure in the regime is another military technocrat, General Golbery do Couto e Silva, an astute and affable man who was once manager of Dow Chemical's Brazilian subsidiary. Beneath the generals, some brilliant economists and financial men attempt to guide the country's growth.

Brazil has had a sensational rate of capital formation, achieved at the usual price: deferred consumption. Some have deferred more than others; the contrasts between wealth and poverty in Brazil remain as glaring as any in the world, but there has also been a real rise in middle-class and blue-collar affluence (40% of today's university students are children of manual laborers; ten years ago it was 9%). Brazil considers itself in a recession now, essentially because of the cost of imported oil: its expansion of the past decade, including the beginnings of an auto and truck economy, assumed cheap fuel forever. Now the regime is going to invite foreign oil companies back into Brazil, granting "risk contracts" for exploration. The opposition sees this as a surrender to the imperialism of the multinationals (a dirty word in most of Latin America).

Brazil's slow movement toward parliamentary forms is called *tensão*, a sort of domestic détente. The regime still carries out arbitrary arrests—not on the Chilean scale—and professes to be unable to control completely the zeal of army and police interrogators. As in Chile, the Catholic Church is in the forefront of the moral opposition. Paulo Evaristo Cardinal Arns, the forthright Archbishop of São Paulo, tries to visit the political prisoners in his diocese. He fears that the methods of torture are becoming ever more terrible, and he knows of "highly sophisticated rooms" in São Paulo jails. He sees the Brazilian people turning desperate, and anarchy not far distant. "All this talk of the Brazilian economic miracle is a slap in the face" for the poor, the cardinal says. "We have no creative thinkers, only technocrats."

The turmoil in Portugal, the old motherland, is much on Brazilians' minds these days. It is not only the generals who argue that Brazil cannot move from authoritarianism to freedom overnight. Many thoughtful Brazilians feel their history and heritage are simply incompatible with full democracy.

A different breed of generals, the leftists: President Francisco Morales Bermúdez of Peru received us the day after he had tidied up a considerable turbulence in his regime. There had been two days and nights of military comings and goings at the Palacio Tupac Amaru, and at the end two influential generals were retired from the army. General Morales had either broken up a possible coup or, as one of the tame Lima newspapers



TORRIJOS



CARDINAL SILVA



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MORALES



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Seagram Presents 1776

Once in a lifetime comes the opportunity to do something that lets the world know just how you feel. For us at Seagram Distillers this is that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, our chance to give the best of what we are to America.

It all began a number of years ago when we decided that we wanted to prepare to celebrate America's bicentennial in a way that no one else could. Since we are the largest distiller in America and because we have the largest stock of aging whiskies, we knew that we had the opportunity to create a once-in-a-lifetime whiskey.

So from our stock we selected limited quantities of truly superior whiskies. The proper selection took months of quality testing and tasting. Once we determined the whiskies that would make an American spirit worthy of the American spirit we worked to bring them to the correct level of maturity.

We experimented in our quality control laboratories to determine the exact combination that would give us the pleasing taste we wanted. We worked with expert taste panels, accepting this whiskey, rejecting that. Finally we came up with the one that was worthy of the name 1776.

Our next question was: how do we bottle a spirit so special? We could have had an ordinary bottle with a fancy label, but we rejected that immediately.

We wanted a decanter as tasteful as our whiskey, a decanter designed as carefully as our spirits.

So instead of consulting with commercial artists, we went to the company that has meant elegance and quality for generations. We went to Tiffany & Co. We conferred with their finest talent, and they were as excited about 1776 as we were. Together we decided to create a totally different kind of spirits packaging. We agreed that the decanter should reflect the art of America, one that dates back to pre-Revolutionary days. And one uniquely American art is glass and crystal design. Working from museum models and private collections, Tiffany created a cut crystal decanter that is inspired by earlier American glasswork.

It is obvious that a spirit that took so much planning, so much creativity cannot be prepared for mass consumption. The whiskies themselves are in limited supply, and we have only a small number of decanters. Therefore, 1776 is presented in a limited first edition in honor of America's 200th birthday.

We think we have created a whiskey different from any other.

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GENEROUS REWARD.

*According to the National Automobile Dealers Association Used Car Guide, East Coast ed., Sept. '75.

put it, had simply moved "to have his own men in positions of trust and power, normal with all incoming Presidents in most parts of the world." His guys, so to speak.

General Morales himself had dislodged a slightly more leftist and much more mercurial President, General Juan Velasco Alvarado, only last August, and is understandably aware that nothing is permanent in this world. But the vast chambers and corridors of the executive palace were bare of police and soldiers the day after the latest shake-up, and the general was calm and self-assured. "My security is given me by my work," he said.

During the seven years of the leftist military regime, Peru has been seeking a "humanistic and Christian socialism," but it is not inhospitable to foreign investment. Under Plan Inca, the old semifundamental landholding system has been broken up, and a cloudy kind of mixed ownership, blended from 19th century European syndicalism, the modern Yugoslav cooperatives and perhaps some Andean mysticism, has been introduced. "We do not believe," adds General Morales, "that we are the only owners of truth."

Argentina is the saddest place on the continent: ravaged by years of misgovernment, terrorism from the left and right, inflation that runs at 20% to 30% a month, despair and cynicism among the large and seemingly helpless bourgeoisie. How this highly favored land, with its 10 ft. of topsoil and 25 million homogeneous people of European descent, achieved such a colossal mess defies understanding. For the past six weeks the word has been that a coup could come any day, with the army taking over from the pathetic Isabel Peron, but there is only modest hope that this would make matters noticeably better.

There are touches of faded elegance still in Buenos Aires,

and an occasional comic interlude: Antonio Cafiero, the strangely cheerful Minister of the Economy, is explaining to TIME how he is about to negotiate with the unions "a dynamic social compact" that should help stabilize wages and prices for some months. Unannounced, a fellow in an electric-blue gym suit bursts in from a side door and seats himself. He turns out to be the head of the C.G.T., the AFL-CIO of Argentina. A few minutes later, from a different side door, the head of the metallurgical workers union barges in. Excusing themselves, the American visitors pass through a corridor where a dozen more labor leaders are milling around, accompanied by four or five dozen bodyguards. Ten days later —so much for the dynamic social compact—Mme. Peron from her sickbed orders a 15% general wage increase.

Jorge Luis Borges, the great poet and essayist, the most eminent living Argentine, is proud to come from a patriot family. Some fought for Argentina and "some died."

"I had a country. I am ashamed of my country today." Is there any hope for Argentina? "No—oh, maybe in 200 years." Borges is almost totally blind, but he knows how shabby Buenos Aires has become, "and I still get homesick if I'm away for a few months."

The most interesting thing to watch in South America's near future, apart from the obvious potential for economic growth, is the groping for political forms somewhere between all-out democracy and rigid authoritarianism. Peru and Brazil think they are exploring this ground, and priests and professors talk about it in Chile.

It comes near the heart of the problem that a dictator, General Torrijos of Panama, should say: "I feel ashamed when I notice that somebody sitting next to me starts trembling. I feel guilty that there are people who are still afraid."

SOVIET UNION

The Prisoners of Conscience

Russians learned for the first time last week that Physicist Andrei Sakharov's application to visit Oslo to receive his Nobel Prize for Peace had been refused. An article in the *Literary Gazette* explained that he possessed "important state and military secrets." In fact, the father of Russia's H-bomb has not worked on classified military projects for nearly seven years.

Sakharov has charged that the denial of a visa is a "flagrant violation" of the principles of last August's European Security Conference accord at Helsinki, where the U.S.S.R. agreed to "facilitate wider travel" for its citizens. Still, Sakharov was characteristically far more concerned with dissenters in prison than with his own plight. At the same time, some brave Russians put themselves in jeopardy by supporting Sakharov with a petition denouncing the authorities for refusing to let him attend the Oslo award ceremony. It was signed by 72 people—and not all of them were known dissidents. According to a study published last week by Amnesty International, there are at least 10,000 "prisoners of conscience" in the U.S.S.R.—men and women who have been arrested for their political or religious beliefs. Not one dissenter who has been charged is known to have been acquitted. Amnesty, a London-based organization that issues occasional reports on political prisoners

throughout the world, made its conclusions from smuggled testimony by present and past inmates. According to the study, torture by hunger is widespread, involving low-calorie punishment diets. Food is often rotten and infested with maggots and cockroaches. Medical facilities are grossly inadequate to treat the diseases attendant upon hunger and hard labor.

Police Asylum. Even worse than the camps are the prison psychiatric institutions. Dissenters are regularly dispatched to these asylums without trial, for indefinite periods and with no possibility of appeal. A typical case is that of Leonid Plyushch, a cyberneticist whose aspirations for Ukrainian cultural freedom led to charges of "creeping schizophrenia." He has been given massive doses of depressant drugs. After two years in one of the U.S.S.R.'s seven police-run lunatic asylums, the noted scientist has been driven to a state of mental and physical collapse.

The Soviets have also cracked down on Jews seeking to emigrate to Israel. While 3,000 Jews a month were allowed to leave the U.S.S.R. in 1973, the number has gradually been reduced to an average of 1,000 a month this year. Those who apply for exit permits are subject to increasing harassment. An applicant can expect immediate discharge from his job, while facing a probable turn-



Brezhnev's Prize for Independent Thinking.

down or, at best, many months of delay before leaving. These people depend heavily on donations from relatives and friends abroad to survive. Gifts of money are already subject to an exorbitant 65% tax. But on Jan. 1, a new regulation will end completely the transfer of the dollar gift vouchers that have been redeemable in food and clothing.



ACTRESS CAROL KANE TRIES AN OLD-FASHIONED LOOK

"There just aren't that many up-front roles for actresses these days," pouts **Carol Kane**, echoing Hollywood's longest running complaint. At 23, though, Kane seems to be doing all right. Cast as a winsome prostitute in *The Last Detail*, and as a bank robber's hostage in *Dog Day Afternoon*, she has finally found her proper niche in *Hester Street*, in which she stars as a Jewish immigrant to the U.S. in 1896. Says Kane: "I'm told I have the look of a different century."

The Congress of Racial Equality wished him "a lengthy stay in jail"; his old Black Panther comrades ignored him altogether. Such was the cold welcome given to onetime Black Militant **Eldridge Cleaver**, 40, who stepped off a plane from Paris at New York's Kennedy Airport after seven years of self-exile in Cuba, Algeria and France. Facing charges of parole violation and assault with intent to commit murder, stemming from a 1968 shootout with police in Oakland, Calif., Cleaver was immediately arrested by FBI agents and flown to San Diego. "It's a new situation now. Black people have undergone a fundamental change for the better," said the author (*Soul on Ice*) and former Panther Information Minister. "I've got two kids, I'm almost bald, I've got gray hair, and my political ideas have become refined. Living under dictatorships gives you a more balanced picture of what's going on in the world."

The program begins with an eight-minute chant during which the word cogitate is repeated incessantly. "After three or four minutes," says Actor **Burgess Meredith**, "people get bored and their brains begin to supply different words and entire sentences." Using this mind-bending opener, Meredith, 66, has been spreading the gospel of meditation to college campuses across the country. His two-hour routine features readings from Anthropologist **Carlos Castaneda's** *Tales of Power*, as well as music on a flute synthesizer and Tibetan oboe by flutist **Charles Lloyd**. "It's heavy going," Meredith concedes, "but we've struck a minefield of enthusiasm."

"I had never sung onstage or with an orchestra before," said Soprano **Roberto Peters**, 45, recalling her Metropolitan Opera debut 25 years ago. A Met understudy back then and the daughter of a shoe salesman, Peters had been called to duty when **Nadine Connor** fell ill hours before a scheduled performance in *Don Giovanni*. Last week, between acts of her 303rd Met performance (in *Così fan Tutte*), Peters accepted a silver anniversary bowl from Met Board President **William Rockefeller**. The "little girl from The Bronx," she observed happily, "had really made it."

"Competing with **Hemingway** isn't my idea of good business," wrote the late **John Steinbeck**. In *Steinbeck, a Life in Letters*, the author of *The Grapes of*

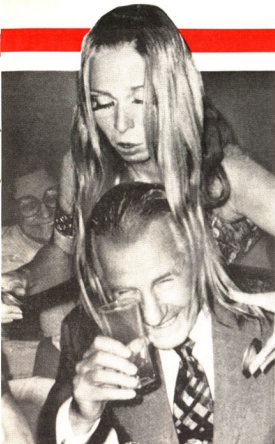


BURGESS MEREDITH & CHARLES LLOYD HIT THE ROAD

Wrath is not too impressed by other talents. "The whole idea of the man turns my stomach," he said of **D.H. Lawrence**. On **William Faulkner** in 1956: "Sure he's a good writer, but he's turning into a goddamned phony. I don't know whether the Nobel Prize does it or not, but if it does, thank God I have not been so honored." Six years later, Steinbeck collected his own Nobel. "Maybe I don't deserve it," he wrote **Princess Grace** of Monaco, an old chum, "but I'm glad I got it."

A possible first in world history: a statesman returned from an international summit feeling in awe of his opposite numbers. Back in Tokyo after attending the economic summit meeting in France (see **ECONOMY & BUSINESS**), Japanese Prime Minister **Takeo Miki** told reporters: "Until the summit, I had been thinking that I had been doing my best. But compared with the difficulties the European politicians have, I felt strongly that my efforts have been far from adequate." The Westerners, he noted with some astonishment, dealt with economic problems "as though they were matters of life and death of a nation or a culture."

There are spies, Secret Service agents, dogged newsmen, a Middle East war plot and an ambitious Vice President in *The Canfield Decision*. But that is not too surprising, since the novel's author is former Vice President **Spiro**



NOVELIST AGNEW FINDS A FRIEND IN ATHENS

Agnew. Though the just-completed book is still six months away from publication, Agnew has already received more than \$100,000 from Playboy Press for his efforts, plus advances from eleven foreign publishers. To celebrate, the novice novelist did what any new author of Greek heritage would do. He went to Athens, raised a glass and enjoyed the nonliterary lines of a local belly dancer.

BRACE—BLACK STYL



SALLY QUINN & PAGE LEE HUFFY: A PRICKLY PROFILE AND A COOL REPLY

Blonde Reporter **Sally Quinn** sounded a trifle put out. "Who is **Page Lee Huffy** and what has she done to become Girl of the Year?" Quinn wondered in a prickly profile in the Washington *Post*. **Page Lee** who? She is a tall, good-looking blonde, by an old-rich Washington family out of the Madeira School and Stanford, who is 27, paints, rides horses and goes to parties. Since last year, when Senator **Ted**

STREET—CAMERA 6



He has spoken live to 51 million people in the past three decades, a feat that is starting to take its toll on Evangelist **Billy Graham**, 57. "In order to get up energy to preach in these big stadiums, I have to stay in bed nearly every afternoon, most of the afternoon," he wearily told a reporter shortly before he finished his five-day crusade in Hong Kong's 28,000-seat Government Stadium last week. "I used to read that **Billy Sunday** stayed in bed all day every day and only got up for his appointments. Now, at my age, I can see what he was talking about." And if given the chance, what would Graham have done differently in life? "I would have studied more and spoken a great deal less," answered Billy. "I would have spent more time with my family. I would not have allowed too many people to pressure me into too many meetings, too many appointments, too many speaking engagements."

Kennedy was said to have been telephoning her frequently ("Ridiculous," she says), **Page Lee** has also become the darling of the D.C. society pages, including the *Post*'s. They chronicle her outings on the capital canape circuit with such local eligibles as National Gallery Director **J. Carter Brown** and Assistant Interior Secretary **Jack Horton**, as well as visitors like Jordan's **King Hussein**, who so much enjoyed **Page Lee**'s company at a dinner party that he sent her a pair of Arabian horses. Quinn, 34, snipes that the girl has "learned what sells, what grabs, what attracts." **Page Lee**'s cool reply: "Washington is a big fast-moving city. There's no need for any jealousy."

It was a grand old party indeed as Conservative Editor **William Buckley** assembled more than 600 friends and colleagues to celebrate the 20th birthday of his *National Review*. Among the guests on hand at Manhattan's Plaza Hotel: 1976 Conservative Aspirant **Ronald Reagan**, 1964 Conservative Aspirant **Barry Goldwater**, and even a sprinkling of Democrats, including U.N. Ambassador **Daniel Moynihan**, who is a possible contender for Brother **James Buckley**'s Senate seat. Though his conservative biweekly is now running in the red, **Bill Buckley** had only the highest hopes for *NR* as well as Candidate **Reagan**'s chances for the presidency. Said **Buckley**, alluding to the White House: "*National Review* will plan its 25th anniversary celebration in the most exclusive hostelry in Washington D.C."

TAN LUKAS



JAMES BUCKLEY WITH BARRY GOLDWATER & BROTHER BILL

Energy as Delight

Without doubt, the show of Mark di Suvero's sculpture in (and out of) Manhattan's Whitney Museum is one of the biggest enterprises ever to involve a living artist. The works—65 in all, ranging from tabletops to steel monsters five stories high—are distributed in parks and public places all over New York City's five boroughs. For weeks, cranes were busy from Yankee Stadium to Central Park's Conservatory Garden, hoisting the ponderous components into place. The catalogue lists more than 90 administrators, engineers, city officials, industrialists and artists who pooled their services to create this major aesthetic event. Di Suvero, 43, has been a muffled presence in American sculpture for 10 years; with this exhibition, he emerges as an artist of exuberant vitality and unblunted idealism.

Di Suvero came to New York from California in 1957 and settled in a rambling market building in Lower Manhattan. From its steep roof, a canopy of bridges, rigging and wharves unfolds. This is his sculptural landscape—as the marble quarries of Seravezza are Henry Moore's. The Manhattan docks have furnished both the material and the imagery for his work: the gray, salt-pickled balks of timber; their ponderous iron bolts, cleats and straps; the explicit logic of big practical structure. Pieces like *Hankchampion* (1960) are inseparable from that context. Its salvaged wooden beams, bolted together and strung with chain, are a homage to the plain speech of early industrial architecture. There is also a strong connection to abstract-expressionist painting. As James Monte points out in his catalogue essay, these weathered timbers were "a near-perfect analogue of the wide brush stroke in the painting of Kline and de Kooning."

Today *Hankchampion* looks less aggressive than it did 15 years ago. It still transmits an enormous sense of energy; what counts is the vigor of the form, the expansive thrust of its members driving into space. But this syntax of angles, which makes his best sculptures change so compellingly and unpredictably when one walks around them, had to wait. It would be five years before Di Suvero could work regularly on this scale

again. In March 1960 he was nearly killed in an elevator accident. His back and left leg were broken, and the doctors said that he would never walk, let alone work, again. Di Suvero spent a year in a hospital, another in a wheelchair and three more on crutches; by an effort of will he recovered.

This long struggle meant he could make only small sculpture, which he did by welding steel plates on an asbestos apron spread on his lap. In 1963-64 he

perfect equilibrium is impressive. No small sculpture could possibly move a viewer in the same way. Perhaps no monumental sculpture can be wholly spontaneous, but Di Suvero's comes closer to it than any other living artist's. It is not "pure" structure. The depth of a given I beam has an expressive meaning, a visual weight. The connections—the bolts, gussets and the like—have a symbolic as well as a practical side, for an imagery of grasping and holding together has been built into Di Suvero's work.

Size also gives clarity. In *Ik Ook* (I Too) (1972), made in Europe during Di Suvero's years of self-imposed exile in protest against the Viet Nam War, the girders float from their cradle of wire rope with the delicacy of drawn lines. Moreover, by designing some of the sculptures as two-part jobs—fixed bases carrying structures that seem equally massive but are free to rotate, rock or swing—Di Suvero avoids the oppressiveness of a monument. In all its sparseness and rigor, a work like *Are Years What?* (For Marianne Moore) (1967) is sprightly too, with its big V of red girders dangling from the apex, turned by any wind. Mass is volatilized as energy.

There are plenty of 20th century sculptors whose big works move—Calder, for instance, or George Rickey. They too make public sculpture. But one senses, on touring this immense show, that Di Suvero is first and foremost a public artist, that his work is meant to get outside the limits imposed by museums. You can do anything with a Di Suvero, especially if you are a kid: ride it, climb it, gong it with a mallet provided by the artist, spray graffiti on it. "My only nightmare," Di Suvero confesses, "is that there'll be an accident. The steel won't fail, but kids can fall off it from 40 ft. up."

Di Suvero's immense ambition as an enhancer of life has prompted comparisons with Walt Whitman. They are justified. The sculptor seems set to carry off a feat unachieved by most of his peers: to produce high art which even so can be popular. One thing Di Suvero has already achieved. When William Blake wrote that "energy is eternal delight," he offered a credo that needs to be constantly reaffirmed, or proved, by art. Di Suvero is one of the sculptors who provides that affirmation.

Robert Hughes



SCULPTOR MARK DI SUVERO, IN HARD HAT, IN BROOKLYN SHIPYARD
The beam is a brush stroke; the landscape is rigging.

was able to continue a series of bronze hands begun in 1958—fists, palms skewered by rods, fingers clamped to a balk of timber. These Rodin-like images of survival and defiance are full of expressionist anguish. As autobiography they are corny but moving. On the other hand, the earlier small steel pieces are generally disappointing. They seem clogged by graphic clichés and distended by a frustrated longing for bigness.

Rock and Grasp. It is hard to think of any other sculptor whose large and small works are so different in quality. Probably this is because Di Suvero's use of steel depends for its noble effect on its integrity as engineering and rigging. In the huge constructions now dotted from Flushing Meadow to the Battery and The Bronx, the fact of such a tonnage of steel thrust 40 ft. into the air in

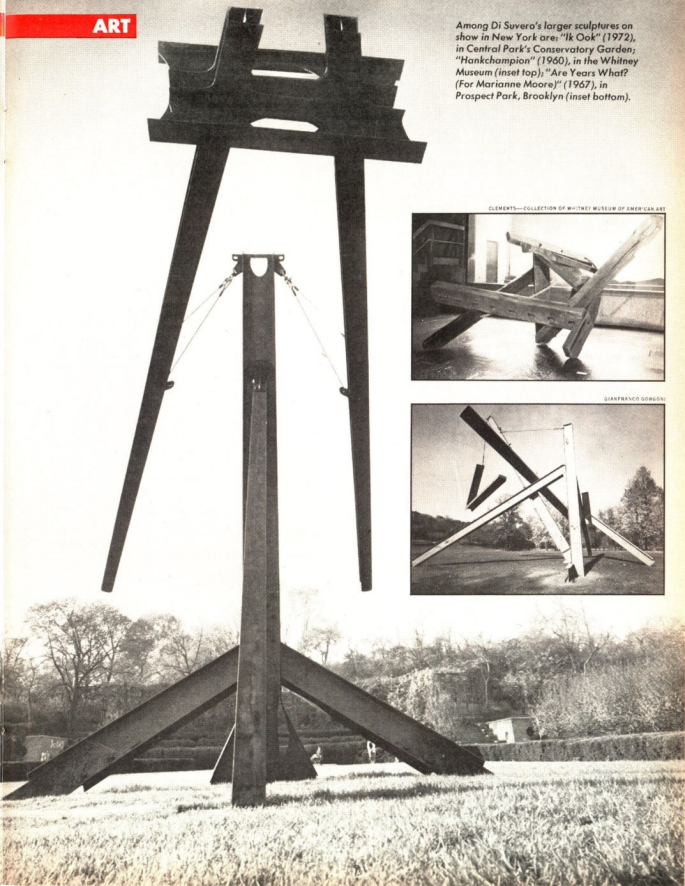
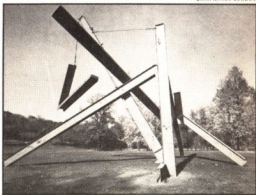
ART

Among Di Suvero's larger sculptures on show in New York are: "Ik Ook" (1972), in Central Park's Conservatory Garden; "Hankchampion" (1960), in the Whitney Museum (inset top); "Are Years What? (For Marianne Moore)" (1967), in Prospect Park, Brooklyn (inset bottom).

CLEMENTS—COLLECTION OF WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART



QUANFRANCO GORDANI



THE PRESS

Lucky Star

When Texas Banker Joe L. Allbritton bought a controlling interest in the paper last year, the Washington *Star* was fading fast. An afternoon paper in an era when most people get their evening news from TV, the *Star* had been in the red since 1970 and was piling up new deficits at a rate of \$1 million a month. Now, quite suddenly, the paper is making money.

Golden Ears. The *Star* owes much to the misfortunes of the Washington *Post*. One night eight weeks ago, pressmen at the *Post* (circ. 534,000) walked off the job after sabotaging their presses, and eight of the paper's other unions followed. The strike left the *Post* struggling for weeks to print shrunken editions (48 pages, v. a typical 96) on borrowed presses. Much of the damaged equipment was quickly repaired, and the *Post* last week put out a 104-page paper. But the *Post* probably lost \$4 million in advertising during the first five weeks of the strike, while the *Star* apparently gained \$2 million. *Star* executives will not say exactly how much they are benefiting from the *Post*'s tribulations, but October was the first profitable month the paper has had in five years. For November the *Star*'s advertising lineage is running 17% ahead of a year ago, while circulation (normally 334,000) is up an extra 40,000.

The *Star*'s serendipitous rise is cheering to its editors, who are completing one of Washington's biggest rebuilding jobs since Vince Lombardi overhauled the Redskins. The paper has been thoroughly redesigned: foreign news is being given less space, and domestic stories are receiving a more featurish, consumer-directed treatment. While the *Post*'s two top stories one day last week were the Paris economic summit and a leftist rally in Lisbon, the *Star* led with stories on tax abuses and the new FBI crime statistics. One of the

Star's most recent innovations is a column called "Gobbledygook," which uncovers choice items of bureaucratic doubletalk. The paper last month began sending gold-colored metal pins in the shape of an ear to prominent Washingtonians who are tattered about in its new gossip column "The Ear," which is scheduled to be syndicated nationally in February. Says Editor James Bellows: "We've got momentum going and everything is looking good."

Everything could start looking bad again if the *Post*'s health continues to improve. *Post* executives have let it be known that the paper is now operating in the black again, printing about 80% as much advertising as this time last year and picking up more lost ads every week. Even if the strike drags on and on—a strong possibility, said *Post* Publisher Katharine Graham in a letter to non-striking employees—the *Star*'s recovery could falter.

Negotiations between the *Post* and the pressmen broke off three weeks ago, and neither side has budged from pre-strike positions on such crucial issues as overtime and manning levels. In fact, while the *Post* has been learning to live without its striking pressmen, many pressmen have been easing the pain of lost wages by working one day a week at the *Star*'s busier-than-usual plant across town.

Terror of the Tube

To hear him tell it, Gary Deeb's job is to sit in front of a television set for up to six hours a day and be insulted. "Counterfeit, stylized brutality that passes for entertainment," he says of the current TV season, adding that the networks' offerings seem to be "devoid of innovation, creativity or diversification," freighted with "drivel," "sanitized doggerel" and "phony, rotten garbage."

Such snarls have won Deeb, TV and radio critic for the Chicago *Tribune*, a reputation as the wolf-man of the air waves—the sourest, cruelest ravager of the medium since Spiro Agnew put away his thesaurus. Deeb's daily diatribes, now syndicated to 60 papers, do not merely dissect new shows but also provide inside accounts of broadcast-industry greed, timidity and assorted other failings. Deeb has described lavish network press junkets in embarrassing detail, disclosed power struggles at local stations, and even exposed the suppression of an abortion documentary at WGN, the *Trib*'s own TV outlet.

When he is not watching the 23-inch Zenith console in his bachelor apartment near the Tribune Tower, Deeb prowls the corridors of local broadcast stations seeking out disgruntled producers, reporters and even advertising salesmen. "Reviewing programs is the least



TV CRITIC DEEB IN HIS *TRIBUNE* OFFICE
"He makes you want to scream."

important part of the job," he says. "I love to expose fraudulent, shoddy practices."

Deeb began learning about broadcast practices at age 16, when he became an unpaid announcer at a Buffalo public TV station. He went to the *Trib* in 1973 after three years as a critic for the Buffalo *News*. Now 30, Deeb is one of the few radio and television reviewers on U.S. newspapers (out of an estimated 80 or so) who do anything more enterprising than rewrite network press releases. Characteristically, Deeb has not neglected to blast his colleagues either. He has called them "fuzzy-headed boobs whose minds were sealed shut at birth." Not too surprisingly, Deeb has few friends in the industry. Howard Cosell calls him "a punk." Says NBC Vice President M.S. Rukeyser Jr.: "He's not a nice man. At his most egregious, he makes you want to scream!"

Bad Cartoon. Television is one form of entertainment in which critics rarely affect the box office, so it is hard to assess exactly how effective Deeb has been. But his denunciation of bias in a pre-election special led WGN-TV to grant equal time to Mayor Richard Daley's opponents. Deeb's criticisms helped prod the public TV network to air a documentary about the funeral business that the industry had tried to halt. He helped pressure a local station into dropping a cartoon series that he considered too violent.

Deeb is not all vitriol. He has praised NBC's *Police Story* and *Medical Story* (the latter was canceled by the network last week) as refreshing examples of intelligent realism, and he almost always praises a solid documentary. Despite his fulminations, he thinks TV, with all its money and hours, does in fact get some good material shown. Says he: "There is more good per week in television than in any other medium—theater, films, records."

PUBLISHER ALLBRITTON AT HIS HOME





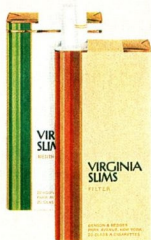
She couldn't vote. She couldn't smoke. But in the Engelbrecht household, especially in winter, Mr. Engelbrecht always put his wife first.



You've come
a long way, baby.

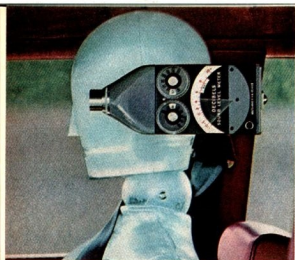
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With rich Virginia flavor women like.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Regular: 17 mg.*tar,* 1.0 mg. nicotine—Menthol:
17 mg.*tar,* 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75



A sound level meter took comparative decibel readings inside the Granada, Seville and Mercedes at 55 mph.



Test comparisons between the new Ford Granada, Cadillac Seville and Mercedes-Benz 280—conducted at different speeds over a variety of road surfaces.

Can a 1976 Ford Granada match the smoothness and quiet of Cadillac and Mercedes...with a sticker price under \$4,000?

It is obvious enough to most that Ford Granada, Cadillac Seville and Mercedes-Benz 280 bear a strong resemblance in size and shape. But can a car sticker priced under \$4,000 offer aspects of smoothness and quiet found in \$12,000 cars?

A series of interior sound level and riding comfort tests were recently conducted, and some surprising answers emerged.

Test 1: Riding comfort

In the riding comfort tests, the vibration levels of a new Granada, Seville and Mercedes 280 were measured over var-

ious road surfaces and speed conditions. In one of these tests the three cars were driven over a simulated rough road of irregularly spaced boards. (Above right)

A sensitive electronic vibration recorder was used to plot each car's vibration levels at speeds of 20, 30 and 40 miles per hour. In all the various tests Granada consistently ranked first or second.

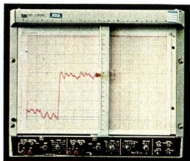
Test 2: Interior noise

In one of the interior noise level tests the three cars were driven over a smooth, measured road surface at about 55 mph.

A sound meter recorded decibel levels on the dBA scale inside each car. The results are reproduced in the chart below. All rode quietly. In all the tests, at varying speeds and road surfaces, the Granada actually rode a bit quieter than the Mercedes. Seville was slightly quieter.

Sound level in decibels at 55 mph.

CADILLAC SEVILLE	66.0
FORD GRANADA	67.5
MERCEDES-BENZ 280	68.5



Vibration recorder used in riding tests.



Granada Ghia 2-Door, \$4,265, optional vinyl roof (\$100), deluxe bumper group (\$61), VSW tires (\$86).



Professional drivers exercise two Mercedes 280's and two Granadas on high-speed test wall.



GRANADA 4-DOOR \$3,798



MERCEDES-BENZ 280 \$12,225



CADILLAC SEVILLE \$12,479

"A good car at a good price..."
Henry Ford I, 1919.



Testing ride: 20, 30 and 40 miles per hour over a track of irregularly spaced boards.

EPA test: Gas mileage

An important test of any car's performance today is its gas mileage. The 1976 Granada, with its standard 200 CID engine and manual transmission (not available in Calif.) received an official U.S. Government EPA estimate of 30 miles per gallon, highway, and 22 city.

Of course, your mileage will vary with the kind of driving you do, how you drive, optional equipment and your car's condition. But compare Granada's EPA ratings for yourself before you buy.

Personal comforts

Put Granada to this test yourself. We feel confident you'll find it well endowed in the passenger comforts. Designed for interior spaciousness—front and back. With plush cut-pile carpeting. Deep-

cushioned seats. Recessed control panel for added room. A remarkably smooth and quiet ride.

Now compare the feeling of comfort inside a new Ford Granada with any fine car of your choice.

Price: Under \$4,000

Ford Granada was designed to offer the classic style and comforts of some of the world's finest automobiles—at a sensible price.

Ford Granada's base sticker price: \$3,707 for the 2-Door, \$3,798 for the 4-Door, excluding taxes, title and destination charges (with 200 CID engine; not available in Calif.). Of course, you can add popular options such as automatic transmission, AM/FM radio, air conditioning...and very special luxury touches, as well.



Inside Granada: a rich look, a spacious feeling.

If you're looking for something special in a new car this year, visit your local Ford Dealer. Give the 1976 Ford Granada your closest inspection.

**The closer you look, the better we look.
See your local Ford dealer.**

The Granada 4-Door Sedan, \$3,798, with optional deluxe bumper group (\$61), and WSW tires (\$36).

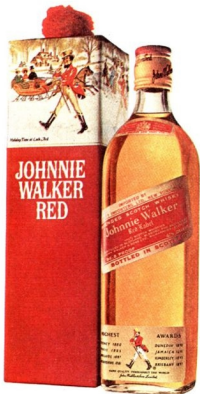




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count on.**



THE SEXES

Womenswar

Founders call it "Womansurge." Opponents dismiss it as "Womanurge." By any name, the new group, which says it will go into action this week, means more factionalism within the feminist movement and threatens to turn the National Organization for Women (NOW) into Then.

Feminist-Author Betty Friedan, 54, co-founder of NOW in 1966, and a dozen of its officials and ex-officials formed Womansurge at a secret eight-hour meeting two weeks ago in a New Orleans airport-motel room. The strategy: to counter what they see as the ruinously revolutionary drift of the present NOW leadership, including President Karen DeCrow, 37, a Syracuse lawyer who narrowly won re-election in October on the slogan OUT OF THE MAINSTREAM AND INTO THE REVOLUTION. Argues Brandeis Professor Mordecai Jane Pollock, 34, one of the moderate dissidents: "If you have any political sense, you don't talk about revolution in America today. We've grown up. Look at Eldridge Cleaver."

Though the new revolutionary style of NOW is hardly the bomb-throwing variety, it will mean a return to the gung-ho exhortations and disruptions of 1960s' militants. Toni Caraballo, 49, a NOW official from Los Angeles, told TIME that the group will go in for sit-ins and interruptions of congressional hearings. "Our pattern of professional lobbying has slowed us down, and we'll go back to the former techniques." NOW is also expected to become more explicitly political by endorsing and opposing candidates for public office.

Last Gasp. The DeCrow group, which took 25 of 34 NOW offices in the October elections, regards Womansurge as a splinter faction of aging professional women willing to accept token advances and avoid new issues. "It's the last gasp of a very small group with a condescending view of what feminism is like," says DeCrow. "If you mention you want to change the behavior of men or if you mention gay rights, they're frightened away."

Womansurge counters that NOW is overstressing lesbian rights and alienating housewives with firebrand oratory, when the main task is to build coalitions on bread-and-butter issues: more jobs for women, day care, legal protection and help with marriage and divorce problems. Says Friedan: "A lot of women dropped out because NOW was no longer speaking for them. The sexual preoccupations and radical rhetoric seemed to take over." Like many other feminists, she believes that a housewives' revolt against narrow, strident feminism produced the recent stunning defeats of state equal rights amendments in New

York and New Jersey (TIME, Nov. 17).

The NOW-Womansurge warfare comes at a time when much of feminism's early momentum is gone. Though Womansurge is planning a national conference of feminists to take stock of the movement, it has no plans to become a membership organization rivaling NOW. But, says Wendy Winkler of the New Orleans 13, "if the leadership of NOW is so alienated from its members that there is no place to go, we may become a viable alternative to NOW. I'm hoping it doesn't happen."

Love and Politics

Pat Nixon urged her husband to burn the Watergate tapes. Muriel Humphrey, who heard secondhand that Hubert had decided to run for President in 1968, sent him a sarcastic telegram: "Let me know if I can be of help." And a woman overnight guest at the L.B.J. ranch was awakened in bed by a familiar drawl, "Move over—this is yore President."

Such gossip is the stuff of Washington politics—and of Myra MacPherson's new book, *The Power Lovers: An Intimate Look at Politicians and Their Marriages* (Putnam; \$10). But MacPherson, 40, a feature writer for the *Washington Post*, has more on her mind than conventional tattling. In putting together interviews with some 30 famous husband-and-wife teams, she develops a thesis: satisfying marriage and family life are almost impossible in politics, at least at the top.

Out of fear of not being re-elected, politicians campaign nights and weekends instead of seeing their families. Wives, who quickly learn to suppress public complaints or any opinions of their own, must fight through a screen of legislative aides and political groupies to get at their husbands.

Says MacPherson: "It's not just the demands, the constant travel, the constituents. It's the inner core of the politician to begin with. The kind of person who picks politics for a career is one who is not comfortable with one-on-



AUTHOR MYRA MACPHERSON
More on her mind than tattling.

one relationships. He prefers, all too often, the roar of the crowd." Among the results of such pressures: Joy Baker, after living most of her life for two Senators—father, Everett Dirksen and husband, Howard Baker—says sadly, "Politics has nullified my personality." Sharon Percy Rockefeller reports that her three-year-old son struck angrily at the TV set when his father, Jay Rockefeller, was interviewed because the child saw him more on the tube than in person. Joan Kennedy offers a one-word

MURIEL HUMPHREY



JANE MUSKIE



LADY BIRD JOHNSON



The \$1,100,000 Perfect Boat that did not win the America's Cup

They were yachting's Super Group, a syndicate organized to capture the America's Cup. Together, they created their "Perfect Boat" *Mariner*—and lost.

"One of the most fascinating yachting books to appear in recent years... a top class job of reporting... it reads like a novel, yet has the advantage of truth—truth I can vouch for having sailed with one principal protagonist both as his skipper and his crew... the dialogue is especially good... Here is a book which triumphantly gets back to and into the people."—Jack Knights, international yachting writer.

"*The Grand Gesture* is a classic—maybe the only true modern classic—in yacht racing literature. People will be reading it for years... I have read nearly every book ever written about the America's Cup, and have even written one myself, and I can attest that no other one comes close to the real story behind the America's Cup."—Jeff Hammond, Associate Editor, *Yachting*

THE GRAND GESTURE

Ted Turner, Mariner,
and the America's Cup
Roger Vaughan

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An Alternate Selection of the
Dolphin Book Club
An Alternate Selection of the
Fortune Book Club

A Sports Illustrated Book
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THE SEXES

self-description: "Vulnerable." Jane Muskie may have cost her husband the Democratic nomination in 1972 by trying to relax with four women reporters after an exhausting campaign day. Her throw-away remark, "Let's just sit here and tell dirty jokes," was published and led to Muskie's celebrated New Hampshire "crying scene."

Though such incidents make Washington wives wary of saying anything, some rebel. Jean Lucey, wife of the Wisconsin Governor, told a demonstrating group of welfare mothers to get off their backs and get jobs. The wife of one Southern Senator is joining the board of a black college to show her independence. And Betty Ford of the unpredictable opinion, is becoming quite a heroine to feminists.

Other wives listed as mavericks by MacPherson maintain separate identities by refusing to follow their men to Washington. Ruth Harkin, wife of an Iowa Democratic Congressman, who announced that Washington wives are just "pawns" for publicity purposes, stayed home in Iowa, where she is Story County prosecuting attorney. Senator Jacob Javits lives in Washington; his wife, Marion, lives in New York and leads the life of a social butterfly.

MacPherson, who worked for the *Washington Star* and the *New York Times* before joining the *Post* in 1968, grew up in Belleville, Mich., "with people who thought there was nothing worse than being phony." Her book is gamely readable, except for some patches of ponderous sermonizing, e.g.: "A need to alter present-day political priorities seems crucial to many public people if the quality of their personal lives is to be improved." Lady Bird Johnson said it better, "A politician ought to be born a founding and remain a bachelor."

No Pregnant Pause

The women's movement may be hurting elsewhere, but it is healthy in the courts. Last week the Supreme Court ruled that no state can deny unemployment benefits to women during the last three months of pregnancy and the six weeks following birth on the "conclusive presumption" that they are all physically unable to work at that time. The decision overturns a portion of a Utah law upheld last February by the state supreme court. Although Mary Ann Turner, 23, held Kelly Girl temporary jobs during the final months before her son Brian was born, the Utah court ignored such earthly evidence and instead invoked "the Great Creator." Redress, the court declared, could come only in "the repeal of the biological law of nature." The Supreme Court decision may well doom 14 other state laws that almost duplicate Utah's. Especially pleased is Mrs. Turner's American Civil Liberties Union lawyer, Kathleen W. Peratis. She herself is six months pregnant.

1976. What a year of TIME to give for Christmas!



Next year's going to be a very special news year—with a lot to know about, a lot to think about.

The Presidential race and the November elections...the nation's Bicentennial...the ups and downs of a recovering economy...the continuing events in the Middle East, India and Europe...the winter and summer Olympic Games...U.S. spacecraft landings on Mars...

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Strategy on Abortion

To the Roman Catholic Church, abortion is officially a grave sin. How to combat it effectively is a problem that has been troubling the nation's Catholic bishops ever since the U.S. Supreme Court issued its liberalized ruling on abortion early in 1973. While oft-shrill, heavily Catholic "right-to-life" committees waged political battles against abortion on all fronts, the bishops largely confined themselves to statements reaffirming church teachings and to limited lobbying in support of some kind of constitutional amendment that would nullify the court's action.

All that changed last week as 255 bishops, at the church hierarchy's 1975 meeting in Washington, D.C., approved a new anti-abortion strategy, a "Pastoral Plan for Pro-Life Activities." The plan marks a sharp shift from uncoordinated, at times strident opposition to abortion to a more reasoned and concerted attack on it. The bishops not only called for a parish- to national-level effort by Catholics but ventured into new territory. They proposed the formation of interdenominational "pro-life" groups in all 435 congressional districts to fight for an amendment overturning the court's 1973 decision.

Adamant Opposition. In their effort to broaden the base of their anti-abortion drive, and to mollify potential critics, the bishops were careful to say that the interdenominational campaign is not being run as "an agency of the church, nor is it operated, controlled or financed by the church." Instead, in the studied, ecumenical language of the plan, "it is an agency of the citizens." Obviously, the bishops not only hope to win the backing of anti-abortion Protestants and Jews but also realize that without them an amendment has little chance of adoption.

Before the bishops can convert others to their cause, however, they are going to have to do some educating within their own flock. Admits Bishop James Rausch, general secretary of the conference: "Many of our people aren't sure what the church's positions are." Actually, the church's positions clearly add up to adamant opposition to abortion. Many Catholics, however, are relatively tolerant of abortion in such cases as rape, or when the future mother's life is endangered.

While not in any way retreating from the church's total condemnation of abortion, the bishops have recognized political reality and now call upon government to protect "the unborn child to the maximum degree possible." The "maximum-degree-possible" approach may fall short of the ideal, but to the bishops it has the virtue of being attainable.

Superchurch

Before the first glinting rays of Sunday hit the steel mills surrounding Hammond, Ind., the vanguard of 1,000 bus volunteers check in. Soon 230 blue-and-white First Baptist Church buses are plying routes across northern Indiana and South Side Chicago, and before the morning is over the drivers will have hauled as many as 10,000 persons to what foot-high signs on the sides of the buses hail as the WORLD'S LARGEST SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The claim is rock solid for the U.S., if not the world. According to *Christian Life* magazine's annual survey, no church comes close to First Baptist in Sunday school attendance. It draws an incredible average weekly turnout of nearly 14,000.*

Hammond's Baptists, hard-shell fundamentalist, use liberal doses of Barnumism that would make less exuberant Christians blush. A "battle" between two competing bus teams, spurred on by bands and flags, rocketed attendance last March 16 to a record 30,560. This fall's attendance drive has featured a man on stilts inviting squealing mopets into the church, free goldfish, and ice cream sundaes for sixth-graders. Past bait has included zoo trips, picnics, even horseback rides.

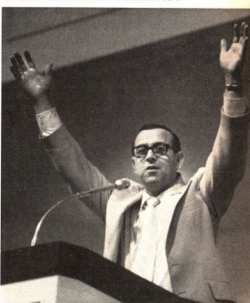
"We'll trade a horseback ride any time for the opportunity to teach the Bible," says Bus Minister Jim Vineyard, who marshals the weekly ingathering. "We've been accused of bribing kids to come to church, but a bribe is a payment to get someone to do wrong. We're getting them to do right."

With soul-saving zeal, First Baptist welcomes deaf and retarded children, as

well as a surprising number of Chicago street toughs, some of whom come equipped with clubs, knives and chains that have to be wrested away from them. For small troublemakers, Vineyard keeps a paddle handy. Explains one deacon blandly: "We ram respect and discipline down their throats." And more. First Baptist insists on short hair ("cut so that it is at least one finger-width above the eyebrows"). Primness also counts at the church's elementary and high schools and at its three-year-old, unaccredited Hyles-Anderson College, where a boy may not sit on a piano bench next to a girl, or touch her.

"I think a lot of people in this country are hungry for what we call decency," says Pastor Jack Hyles, 49, the

THE REV. JACK HYLES IN HIS HAMMOND PULPIT



*Runners-up: Highland Park Baptist, Chattanooga (7,453); First Baptist, Dallas (6,703); Akron Baptist Temple (5,801); and Thomas Road Baptist, Lynchburg, Va. (5,566).

CARS COMPETING IN FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OCTOBER PROMOTIONAL TEST



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RELIGION

preacher-impresario who made First Baptist No. 1. If decency alone will not hold a crowd, he makes sure theatrical oratory will. In the course of Sunday worship, Hyles shouts, whispers, jokes, cries. "It's a rare sermon when I don't weep," he says.

Spellbinder Hyles was anything but that in his first stuttering try at preaching in 1947. "Elijah blushed and Heaven's flag flew at half-mast for three days," he says. In classic bootstrap style, Hyles proceeded to enroll in speech courses while clerking at J.C. Penney's in Marshall, Texas. Before long, he was wowing audiences with a folksy, rip-roaring delivery. He took a church and was summoned to the Hammond pulpit in 1959.

The church has 22,000 active members, and Hyles reigns like a benevolent autocrat with a \$4.5 million-a-year budget. His salary is a lean \$11,000, and he says he plows his substantial book earnings (one of Hyles' 22 books, *How To Rear Children*, has already brought in over \$80,000) back into the ministry. One recent Sunday morning he asked his rapt congregation: "When God decided to make the biggest church in the world, who did he choose to build it? He said, 'I think I'll use old Hyles. He's the crookedest stick I've got.' I'll tell you why I'm here—so people can say, 'He's not so hot, but God's a wonderful and mighty God.'" And why is newly baptized Chicago Typist May Lind there? "I can't explain it really. I guess it's the feeling of being wanted."

Homecoming

"My kingdom is not of this world," Jesus said. To Jehovah's Witnesses, who now number more than 2 million worldwide, that is a command to boycott all political activity. Various nations have found this irksome, but few have matched the violence of Malawi's response. During a 1972 crackdown by President-for-life Dr. Hastings Kamuzu Banda, a Presbyterian elder, Malawi Witnesses were robbed, beaten, raped, even murdered. Thousands fled to neighboring Zambia, which shipped most of them back to Malawi. Eventually, about 34,000 found refuge in Portuguese Mozambique.

No sooner did Mozambique gain independence last June, however, than the new republic required everyone to join "dynamization groups" and bone up on Marxism. When the Witnesses balked, they were forced back to Malawi. There they have steadfastly refused to buy 34c cards that would make them members of Banda's Congress Party. The penalty: loss of homes and jobs. Hundreds of Witnesses are dying of starvation or disease. Young party thugs are also subjecting them to renewed violence. *Awake!*, the Witnesses' semimonthly U.S. newspaper, says that Malawi's "record reeks of beastliness, of insensitivity to any standards of decency."



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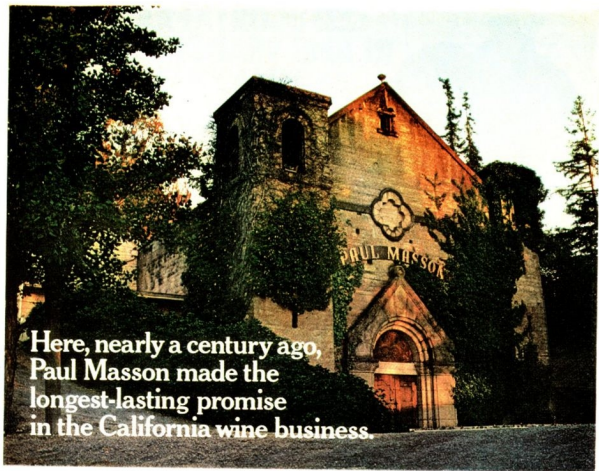
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Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, Calif. ©1975

Review for Doctors

U.S. doctors have for years fought to keep the Federal Government from ruling on what is necessary, proper care. In the most recent defense of their professional prerogative, the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons had gone to court to block enforcement of a new Social Security amendment that will monitor the treatment given Medicare and Medicaid patients. The doctors argued that such a system violated their constitutional right to practice medicine and their patients' right to receive treatment.

Last week the U.S. Supreme Court disagreed with that view. It let stand a lower-court decision upholding the Social Security legislation. The court's decision means that the Federal Government may now order the formation of Professional Standards Review Organizations (P.S.R.O.s) to review medical procedures in individual cases and decide if the treatments prescribed by physicians receiving federal payment conform to generally accepted standards. Though doctors will be unhappy about P.S.R.O.s, they will probably not pull out of the Medicare and Medicaid programs, which provide a major share of some physicians' incomes.

The \$40,000 Arm

In addition to his powerful mechanical legs and zoom-lens artificial eye, television's *Six Million Dollar Man* has an atomic-powered arm that can knock down walls, lift cars and pull out trees by the roots. Reid Hilton's new arm is only slightly less remarkable—and considerably less expensive. Hilton, 24, a Santa Ana, Calif., karate expert who lost his right arm below the elbow in an accident, will probably not risk smashing bricks with his experimental \$40,000 replacement. But the prosthesis should enable him, with practice, to function like a man with two natural arms, and in some ways outperform him.

Hilton's 8-lb. myoelectric (from the Greek *myos*, for muscle) arm was developed at Northwestern University and modified by engineers and researchers at the medical-products division of General Atomic and at Rancho Los Amigos, a hospital associated with the University of Southern California. The arm, which can be fitted with either a hook or a normal-looking hand, does not look much different from other powered prostheses. But the similarities are only skin deep. Most artificial arms use a system of receivers on the surface of the skin and microtransmitters under the skin to carry messages from the nerves to the arm's controls, plus belt-carried batteries for power. Hilton's arm needs neither. Its controls are directly connected

to the nerves in the stump of his severed arm. The power pack is inside the prosthesis. Unlike most other artificial arms and hands, it is also equipped with feedback devices that give him a sense of touch.

Powerful Pinch. To attach the arm, Dr. Vert Mooney and his colleagues inserted three "buttons" or fasteners through the skin in the stump. (The buttons can permanently protrude through the skin without promoting infection because they are coated with pyrolytic carbon,* which Mooney says forms an antibacterial seal.) The doctors connected



HILTON IN KARATE STANCE
A formidable grip.

two of the buttons to the arm's median and ulnar nerves with stainless-steel coils, and wired the third button to another carbon plug that serves as a ground. They then connected all buttons to wires in the prosthesis itself, linking them to sensors in the hand. To operate the arm and its hand properly, Hilton moves his remaining arm muscles selectively; their contractions produce electrical impulses that, transmitted to the prosthesis, open and close his hand.

Doctors believe it will be at least five years before arms like Hilton's become

*An extremely hard and pure form produced by burning a derivative of carbon in a blend of extremely hot gases.

generally available, and concede that further modifications may still have to be made in their prototype. They hope eventually to bring the cost of the device within reach of other amputees (Hilton's arm, without research and development expenses, would cost about \$1,200). Meanwhile, Hilton is demonstrating that the prosthesis is practical; he is learning how to pick up small objects, open cigarette packages and tie his own shoes. He is also learning to be careful, especially when handling delicate objects. A normal male grip exerts a force of about 25 lbs. Hilton's electronically assisted grip strength is a formidable 40 lbs.

Malaria on the March

Of all the diseases that plague man, one of the most resilient is malaria. As recently as a dozen years ago, health authorities believed they had the disease on the run in South Asia, where throughout history it had taken its greatest toll. Now the World Health Organization admits that its victory bulletins were premature. Malaria has returned to the region—with a vengeance. The total number of victims in South Asia this year is expected to reach 20 million.

All of Asia's southern tier, from Afghanistan to Indonesia, is affected by the outbreak. But malaria has struck hardest at the Indian subcontinent. India, which cut malaria cases from a 1947 high of 75 million to only 125,000 by 1965, expects to record 4 million this year. Pakistan, which then included Bangladesh, had reduced its annual toll from tens of millions to only 9,500 in 1961, estimates 10 million cases in 1975. Sri Lanka (formerly Ceylon), which once had 2.5 million cases per year, counted only 16 victims in 1963. So far in 1975, however, it has recorded at least 500,000 cases.

The reasons for the resurgence of malaria are complex. Throughout the '50s and early '60s, the governments of South Asia armed themselves with the newly developed miracle weapon DDT, and waged all-out war on the mosquitoes that carry malaria, spraying ponds, swamps and other breeding areas, and even sending health teams into homes to track down the insects. For a while, the campaign to combat malaria was spectacularly successful. "If you just wrote DDT on the wall, mosquitoes used to die," says Dr. M.I.D. Sharma, commissioner of India's rural health services. The disease that once made vast stretches of the Himalayan foothills practically uninhabitable almost disappeared from many communities. Formerly infested areas were opened to development, and governments began to phase out the spraying programs, diverting resources to seemingly more pressing

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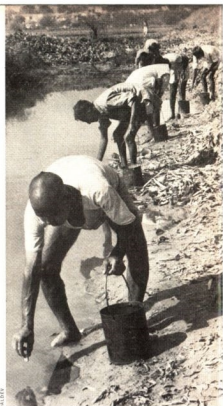
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MOSQUITO CONTROL IN INDIA
Returning with a vengeance.

ing health problems. "We became complacent," acknowledges Indian Health Minister Karan Singh. "We thought we had it licked."

That complacency proved costly. The spraying slowdown allowed the mosquitoes to thrive and multiply again. Quinine, used to treat malaria, is in short supply in some areas; India has not encouraged cultivation of the Cinchona trees from whose bark the drug is obtained (the malaria parasite is showing a rising resistance to the drug chloroquine, a synthetic substitute for quinine). Furthermore, rising petroleum prices have sent the costs of insecticides soaring, placing another burden on the shaky economics of the region. DDT, which cost India about \$500 per ton in 1974, now costs \$1,500.

Modest Goal. The governments of South Asia have responded with a host of emergency programs. Pakistani officials are importing \$35 million worth of insecticides and spraying equipment from the U.S. Authorities in Sri Lanka are trying to crack down on illegal gem miners, who contribute to the malaria problem by digging pits which then fill with water in which mosquitoes breed.

None of the afflicted countries expect to eradicate the disease; it is just too well entrenched to be defeated by current control methods. "We will be satisfied with containment," says India's Singh. His modest goal: to bring the malaria incidence in his country down to 500 per million, or about 300,000 cases, by 1984.



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THE THEATER

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A MUSICAL JUBILEE

Nostalgia for nostalgia's sake seems to be the only plausible explanation for this show. Fifty-eight songs follow each other with breakneck rapidity, and they date from 1840 to 1938. No discernible rationale governs the choices. They range from the martial patriotism of *Battle Hymn of the Republic* through the blatant silliness of Rudolf Friml's *Something Seems Tingle Ingleing* to the Hollywood beat of *Lullaby of Broadway*.

If familiarity breeds content, *A Musical Jubilee* is a family album of well-loved numbers, particularly for those 50

RICHARD BRADSHAW



MUNSEL, GISH & GRIMES IN JUBILEE
The stars you see in the skies.

and up. At the St. James Theater one can hear *I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier*, *I'm in Love With Vienna*, *I've Told Ev'ry Little Star*, *I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan*, *I Wanna Be Loved By You*, and *I'm Just Wild About Harry*. The I's have it, but don't forget *Sophisticated Lady*, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, and *Me and My Shadow*.

You may feel you have heard this show some place, but the performers are something to be jubilant about. The stars are the kind you see in the skies—Patrice Munsel, Cyril Ritchard, Tammy Grimes, Larry Kurt, John Raitt, Dick Shawn and Lillian Gish. The three ladies stand out: Munsel with her silver-tongued lyric soprano; Grimes, who is a

mischievous imp of the stage; and the indestructible Gish, who at 80 is still a darling little girl and a valiant trouper.

A Musical Jubilee originated as a cruise-ship "entertainment." At last report, the St. James Theater was anchored at Manhattan's 246 West 44th St., but it may just possibly prove to be an ocean-going vessel.

T.E. Kalem

Unholy Russia

GORKY

Book and Lyrics by STEVE TESICH

Music by MEL MARVIN

Imagine a somewhat insecure Bertolt Brecht writing a kind of *Man of La Mancha* about Maxim Gorky, the Russian Revolution and its aftermath. Add to this some of the folk flavor of *Fiddler on the Roof* and you get a rough approximation of what a strange and ambitious amalgam is represented by this musical now at Manhattan's American Place Theater.

Playwright Steve Tesich, 33, has attempted to use one man, Maxim Gorky, as the mirror of a homeland, Russia, undergoing radical social change. But it is more complicated than that. First of all, there are three Gorkys simultaneously onstage, a romantic boy (John Gallogly), an idealistic young man (Douglas Clark) and an old and skeptical observer (Philip Baker Hall) who is still deeply moved by the plight of the Russian people.

Sweet Piety. The three Gorkys form a triptych of commentary upon each other observed at different ages. Without being didactic, Tesich manages to touch on several things worth thinking about. He says that survival is mandatory and compromise may be its price. Only the living can change a society, never the dead. He indicates, very subtly, that perhaps Russian society can never be changed, even by revolution, since tyranny is the only tradition the Russians know, have, and trust for getting things done.

Against this unholy aspect of Russia, Tesich pits the sweet piety of spirit that still resides in its people. This is brought forth in the music and the dances which suggest a community of soul—something that we can recognize in the life patterns of U.S. blacks.

The 28-person cast is exemplary. Tesich spent the first 14 years of his life in Titovo Uzice, Yugoslavia, and something certainly stirred his Slavic blood when he wrote this sometimes erratic, sometimes ironic, but always moving musical.

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ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST
Directed by MILOS FORMAN
Screenplay by LAWRENCE HAUBEN
and BO GOLDMAN

Published in 1962, Ken Kesey's novel *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* was one of the chief literary contributions to the prevailing cultural mood of the '60s. But unlike so many popular artistic and intellectual productions of that era, the book may have the capacity to outlive its historical moment. In telling the story of Randle McMurphy and the brief, abortive rebellion which he organized in an insane asylum, Kesey demonstrated a tough-minded understanding of the subtleties of revolutionaries and revolutions.

Sexless Nag. McMurphy is an ambiguous character whose motives are never quite clear. Like revolutionaries who operate on a larger political stage, McMurphy may be acting out of idealism or he may have found a socially acceptable cover for profound psychopathy—or both. Kesey also understood that a belief in the possibility of rebellion is essential to modern man, a fallback position that can be taken up when despair threatens to turn into self-destruction. It is to restore that faint possibility for his fellow inmates that McMurphy ultimately acts without understanding what he is doing. The revolt he leads can only put him under the lobotomizer's knife. Instead, to keep hope alive, his friend, an Indian named Chief Bromden, kills him: if McMurphy

is a martyr, his deeds become the stuff of life-sustaining mythology for his wardmates.

The movie version of *Cuckoo's Nest* is faithful to the external events of the novel—no complaints there. The trouble is that it betrays no awareness that the events are subject to multiple interpretations. Jack Nicholson plays McMurphy as an unambiguously charming figure, a victim of high spirits, perhaps, but without a dark side or even any gray shadings. He is a fine fellow to spend a couple of hours with, but he has no depth or resonance, and his fate leaves us curiously untouched. Similarly, the zany behavior of his fellows is amusing, but the depth of their need for McMurphy is not even suggested. Finally, there is the problem of Big Nurse, the chief authority symbol in McMurphy's little world and his main antagonist. In the book, a good deal of the tension between them is oddly sexual. In the film, Big Nurse (Louise Fletcher) is merely a prim, quite sexless nag and a symbol only of niggling institutionalism. So nothing of any dramatic power gets going between her and McMurphy.

The fault for this lies in a script that would rather ingratiate than abrade, in direction that is content to realize, in documentary fashion, the ugly surfaces of asylum life. *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* is an earnest attempt to make a serious film. But in the end the movie backs away from both the human reality and the cloudy but potent symbolism that Ken Kesey found in the asylum.

Richard Schickel

Cheap Spills

THE NIGHT CALLER
Directed and Written by HENRI VERNEUIL

Much of *The Night Caller* concerns a Paris police search for a man who makes obscene telephone calls. This guy is not your garden-variety breather. He is a murderer who starts by ringing up women and ends by doing them in. As if this were not plot enough, the detective in charge of the investigation (Jean-Paul Belmondo) also devotes a great deal of time to tracking down a bank robber who has eluded him for months and become a personal nemesis. Belmondo's pursuit, which is elaborate and unlikely, finds him at one point hugging the roof of a speeding Métro train as he tries to get at the bad guy trapped in the car below. It is a chase out of *The French Connection* or *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three*, so it is difficult to determine whether the scene is too shopworn to be effective or just too stupid.

The Night Caller is one of those French films made in envious and inadvertently silly imitation of American crime melodramas. Director Henri Ver-



BELMONDO IN NIGHT CALLER
Slip pants.

neuil (*The Sicilian Clan*) works hard to duplicate every cliché of the genre, from a car chase right down to a breathless pursuit up stairs that wind like a snail's shell.

Throughout the nitwit action, one notes what might be called a typically Gallic touch: even in the furthest extremities, Belmondo remains modishly tailored. This causes problems. Tapered trousers make it difficult to get a leg up, and boots with high heels cause any flatfoot to slip and slide on the fabled Paris roofs. It could be said that the only genuine suspense *The Night Caller* has to offer is whether the leading man will split his pants.

Jay Cocks

Walton's Ghetto

LIES MY FATHER TOLD ME
Directed by JAN KADAR
Screenplay by TED ALLAN

The setting is a Montreal ghetto, around 1925. The protagonist is an extraordinarily appealing little boy named David (Jeffrey Lynas). Struggling for possession of his young mind are his father (Len Birman) and his grandfather (Yossi Yadin). The former is a hustler, determined to abandon traditional Jewish ways and invent his way upward (creaseless pants, expandable cuff links—so you can roll up your sleeves without unlinking them). The latter is a sweet-spirited, loving junk dealer, who is equally determined to imbue David with the belief that an Orthodox faith can still serve successfully as a guide to existence.

The contest, in short, is no con-



JACK NICHOLSON IN CUCKOO
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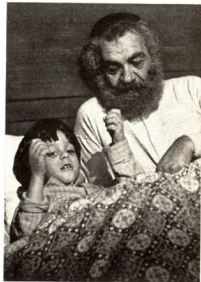


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CINEMA



LYNAS & YADIN IN *LIES*
Small daily doings.

test. Fast-talking Dad is insensitive to the emotional needs of the child or anyone else. Grandfather, besides being so nice, conducts his business from a horse-drawn wagon and lets David accompany him. What kid could resist him?

Based by Writer Ted Allan on an autobiographical short story he published in 1949, *Lies My Father Told Me* is a difficult movie to dislike. It deals mainly in the small change of daily doings—quarrels and friendships on the alley-courtyard where the boy lives, modest hopes raised and dashed, problems and disappointments clumsily but affectionately managed. Even the father is not really a bad man, just bombastic.

Familiar Stereotypes. Yet for all its affability, *Lies* is not a very effective work. The courtyard's population, for example, is a very predictable one. David's mother is long-suffering, the neighbors familiar stereotypes from a hundred warm-spirited recollections of ghetto life—a scholarly revolutionist, a troublemaking *yenta*, a feisty and good-spirited whore. The minute we meet them, we can call the turns they will eventually do, just as we know, almost from the film's first minute, that Grandfather will die before it ends.

Czech Director Jan Kadar (*The Shop on Main Street*) handles all his vignettes dryly, distantly, without the slightest excess of emotion. Normally such discipline, especially in an age of overwrought movies, would be a matter for applause. In a film that is so predictable, however, a little excess is called for. We need to feel a touch of genuine desperation in this slum or of craziness in the behavior of its inhabitants. Somehow the *Duddy Kravitz* ambience has been infused with the spirit of Walton's Mountain, and the result is a bland respectability—safe, pleasant, without reverberation.

Richard Schickel

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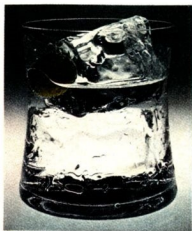
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You probably have the makings on hand.

Chances are you already have everything you need to make a white



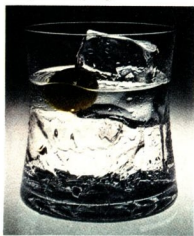
Vodka martini

rum martini. Take a look.

Take an even closer look at your

bottle of white rum. Notice the bottom of the label. The odds are five to one that it says "Puerto Rican Rum." That's because 83% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

Enough statistics. Now it's time to enjoy a white rum martini. Make it the way you make an ordinary martini. Serve up or on the rocks and you're ready to go.



White rum martini

Smoothness is critical.

Every sip of your white rum martini whispers smoothness. It's what distinguishes it so beautifully from other martinis. But don't stop with one. Have a white rum martini every night for a week.

Then see how rough it is when you try going back to martinis made with gin or vodka.

Of course, if you never take the first sip, you can't begin to know. And that would be a pity.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

© 1973 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

WATCHERS

...and a program that works.



DIRECTOR OF ROME WEIGHT WATCHERS (LEFT) & JUBILANT MEMBER ANNOUNCING A LOSS

MODERN LIVING

Polysaturation Point

In Britain, 60,000 members of slimming clubs claim that collectively they shed 1,500 tons of fat a year. In West Germany, a ten-year-old *Schlankheitswelle*, or slimming wave, has helped cut annual per capita consumption of potatoes from 109 kilos to 92 kilos. Even in France, there has been a notable move by *embonpoint* watchers from the saucy-rich *grande cuisine* to simpler, lower-calorie meals. Throughout Europe these days, all too solid citizens refer to the latest weight-paring magazines and diets in the awed terms once reserved for three-star restaurants. They seem to have reached polysaturation point.

Traditionally addicted to glutinous pasta, pudding and pastry, Europeans in the past have been less concerned than Americans about the health risks posed by obesity. Then, too, a slender figure has never been as universally admired on the Continent as it is in the U.S. In West Germany, where *Doppelkinnepidemie*—the double-chin epidemic—was a bulgy badge of the postwar economic miracle, nutritionists warn direly that 78% of all citizens are still overweight and some 70,000 a year die prematurely of diabetes, coronaries, and other ailments accentuated by overeating. Three slenderizing volumes by diet expert Ulrich Klever of Bavaria—*Calorie Compass*, *Protein-Plus Diet* and *Everything That Makes You Slim*—have sold nearly 500,000 copies, while sales of the Brigitte Diet Club book have reached 750,000 copies in four years.

The most fashionable spas in France now offer thalassotherapy, a kilo-cutting regimen that combines diet, exercise and extensive-sea water massage. Furthermore, Gallic dieting is far from dull. Michel Guérard, the famed chef who

helped popularize the low-calorie *cuisine minceur*, lures patrons to his spa at Eugénie-les-Bains with a gourmet diet (1,000 calories a day) that eliminates fats and starches without losing flavor.

Among the Continent's most determined weight losers are the Italians. The old stereotype of the ravioli-plump Italian mama has changed to that of a Swedish-svelte city signorina. Says Joan Marble Cook, an American author who attended a reducing class in Rome: "You'd think Italians would be so attached to food, but they're marvelously disciplined. Some of the men in my class lost 60 to 70 lbs."

With the decline of *Schwarzwälder Kirschtorte*, *sauce béarnaise* and *fettuccine alla crema*, the Continent is now the world's biggest—so to speak—growth area for New York-based Weight Watchers' International. "Concern with losing weight is now as important in Europe as it is in the U.S.," says W.W. Founder Jean Nidetch. "You don't see fat people on the Champs-Élysées. But they are there, lurking at home. And they are miserable."

And Now, Master Mind

"I'm a Master Mind junkie," says Molly Rambler, a teacher from Englewood, N.J. "I can't go to bed at night until I play a couple of games." The game creating such helpless addiction is an import from Britain. Since Master Mind first came on the market two years ago, 5 million sets have been bought in 60 different countries. Since last spring, 85,000 Master Mind sets have been sold in the U.S. at prices from \$2.50 to \$20. Thousands of players are addicted.

The game is the invention of Amateur Mathematician Mordechai Meirovich, a postal employee in Israel, who

first displayed it at the 1971 Nürnberg Toy Fair. There it was spotted by scouts from Invicta Plastics, a games manufacturer in Leicester. Invicta immediately recognized the potential of Meirovich's simple game and went to work producing, packaging and selling four different models.

In the basic model of Master Mind, one player, known as the "codemaker," picks four pegs from a choice of six colors and places them in any order he chooses under a shield on one side of a board. The object of his opponent, the "codebreaker," is to place four pegs in holes on his side of the board, attempting to duplicate the color and order of the hidden pegs in a maximum of ten tries. After the codebreaker has set up his four pegs, the codemaker gives clues by placing in four small holes either black markers (for correct color, correct position), white markers (correct color, wrong position) or no markers (wrong color). The codebreaker next arranges another row of pegs and is given more clues, repeating the process until he has deduced the hidden "code." Then the players switch positions; the winner is the one who figures out the code in the least number of tries.

As their expertise increases, players can try out more complicated variations of the game. Explains José Ballester, assistant games buyer for the Brentano's bookstore chain: "Chance plays an important element in the first three tries. After that it's logic." In fact, manufacturers of educational materials such as Cuisenaire in New Rochelle, N.Y., and J.L. Hammett based in Braintree, Mass. are already promoting the game to teach logic in the classroom.

Why is Master Mind so popular? Despite the complexity of some of the advanced versions of the game, says Gene Lewallen, a student at Georgia State University in Atlanta, "it's easy to understand the rules, and it's not long and drawn out like chess [average time to crack the code: 15 minutes]." Lis Nygaard, a television producer from Toronto, plays Master Mind on planes. She became a fan because, "You can break the ice with people. You get to know a lot about them: how they think, what colors they like."

What lies ahead for the U.S. may well be seen in Britain, where Master Mind has reached epidemic proportions. There *Games and Puzzles* magazine regularly carries letters arguing the strategy of the game. Master Mind has been tested on 600 students and teachers in British schools, and the results have been published in an article written to help inventors of other games. A nationwide elimination contest with hundreds of entrants is now under way. The 50 finalists will face-off in London next month at the Magic Circle Theater.



RETAILING/COVER STORY

Leading Toward A Green Christmas

On any given day, Dr. Spock might be glimpsed there selecting towels, Walter Matthau trying on suits, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis recently passed through to order presents to be sent to Caroline in London. Singer Diana Ross outfits herself and her children there—by long distance from California. Basketball Star Earl Monroe may drop in to pick up some after-shave lotion—and, he says, to “see how people with money act.”

What is this emporium? It is Bloomingdale's, the flashy department store on Manhattan's East Side. Now, as Christmas approaches, more than 300,000 shoppers weekly—some 60,000 on Saturday alone—surge through the store's eleven floors. While ogling the merchandise, they also eye each other. For Bloomingdale's is both a neighborhood center and celebrity hang-out, a place where the next person a shopper bumps into (literally) may be either an acquaintance or someone familiar from a thousand newspaper photographs.

But the big attraction is the merchandise—thousands upon thousands of items chosen in part for high style and displayed with show business flair. Shoppers swarm about high-fashion boutiques, fondling designs by Anne Klein and Yves Saint Laurent. They taste fruitcake samples in the lavishly stocked Delicacies Shop, which among its 7,000 items has 146 varieties of bread and 300 kinds of cheese. Coos Lee Radziwill, Jackie Onassis' sister: “It's the obvious place to go for *everything*. Oh gosh, it's the most fantastic and exhausting store in the world.”

During the next four weeks, the pace will become even more exhausting for shoppers at the trendy Manhattan Bloomingdale's, the eleven other Bloomingdale's stores in New York, New Jer-

sey, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, and the thousands of other department and specialty stores throughout the country. These are the weeks when retailers ring up a quarter to a third of their annual sales, the period that largely determines whether the year goes into merchants' ledgers as a success, like 1973, or a disaster, like 1974.

This year storekeepers are entering their critical period in an optimistic mood. Retailers are predicting an increase in Christmas sales of around 10% over last year. Even discounting the fact that consumer prices are about 7.5% higher than a year ago, that would leave a real gain. Bloomingdale's President Marvin S. Traub says his store could post about a 15% gain over 1974, when the economy was skidding toward the bottom of its worst slump since the 1930s.

Joseph L. Hudson Jr., chairman of the J.L. Hudson Co., Detroit's biggest department store, believes sales will even be “several percentage points” above the record-breaking pre-recession Christmas of 1973. Meyer Zolkower, regional general manager for New York-based Franklin Simon, a group of specialty shops, forecasts that the sales surge will carry into 1976 as well.

If that happens, the nation's economic recovery will get a much-needed lift. Where previous recoveries have been led by upturns in housing and autos, this one is being paced by over-the-counter sales of everything from high-fashion dresses to pocket calculators. Retail sales have been generally rising since late spring. Last week several major retailers reported third-quarter sales gains over the 1974 period: J.C. Penney Co. was up 8.4%, to \$1.9 billion; Allied

BLOOMINGDALE'S

Corsets & Millinery.



Suits & Underwear.

938 Third Avenue.

ORIGINAL STORE (1872) & WHITE PLAINS BRANCH OPENED IN SEPTEMBER 1975

bloomingtondale's



An array of new fashions at Bloomingdale's Manhattan flagship, including designs by St. Laurent, Anne Klein, Bill Blass, Calvin Klein, Scott Barrie, Ralph Lauren, Mic Mac, Missoni, Issey Miyake and Sonia Rykiel. Below: an international rug bazaar.

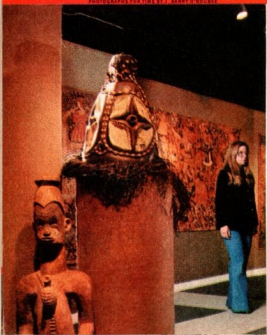




PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY J. BARRY O'BRIEN



A Bloomingdale's portfolio, counterclockwise from above: mime displays French-made watches; Fashion Coordinator Anne Bertsch with original "Hooray for Hollywood" Art Deco-like items; eleven years of designer shopping bags; gallery in the Manhattan store with French reproductions of antique tapestries, shields from New Guinea and sculpture from Africa.



Stores Corp. 12%, to \$418 million. Carter Hawley Hale Stores Inc., parent of Bergdorf Goodman and Neiman-Marcus, showed an 8.1% increase, to \$292 million. Bloomingdale's is a part of Cincinnati-based Federated Department Stores, Inc., the nation's largest department-store chain—and Federated turned in one of the best showings of all. Its sales rose 13.4%, to \$883 million, in the third quarter, and its profits leaped 46%, to \$34 million.

In striving to maintain the momentum, retailers have one important factor working for them: consumer confidence, as measured by the University of Michigan's quarterly surveys, has rebounded from a 28-year low and is now as high as it was before the recession (see chart page 79). That indicates that the public is swinging back into a buying mood. One reason: about 1.4 million more Americans are working now than six months ago. Their paychecks help swell spending directly, and the rise in employment probably eases the fear of layoff and thus boosts buying confidence among people who held on to their jobs all through the slump. On the other hand, unemployment is still high, and the take-home pay of workers has barely kept ahead of inflation.

So retailers still face the urgent question: What will make consumers keep pouring into the nation's stores to part with their money? For some answers, store managers across the country increasingly are studying the phenomenal success of Federated Department Stores and especially its crown jewel, Bloomingdale's. Not every store, of course, can emulate Bloomingdale's specific techniques: ice cream made from Himalayan mangoes might not sell as well in the suburbs of Spokane as it does on Manhattan's East Side—especially not at \$1.75 a pint. But any store can follow Bloomingdale's essential formula: first, know your customer, his age, affluence, customs, habits, tastes. Then set out to woo him with distinctive merchandise, flashy displays and a general aura of showmanship, all calculated to make shopping an adventure—in fact, fun. Bloomingdale's puts it on the unicorn-bedecked Christmas shopping bags it is handing out to customers this year, "Come, let us believe in magic again."

It is a formula that gets full support from Federated headquarters. Federated is an amalgam of 19 store chains, including, besides Bloomingdale's, Filene's in Boston, I. Magnin & Co. in San Francisco, Bullock's in Los Angeles, Foley's in Houston, Burdine's in Miami and Abraham & Straus in Brooklyn; Federated had total sales of \$3.3 billion in the fiscal year ending last January. Like any company of that size, Federated has an organization chart—only its chart has been turned upside down. In the box at the top where any other company would put the chairman,

Federated's chart shows "the customer." From him, the lines run through layers of buyers, store managers, division heads to the box representing Chairman Ralph Lazarus—at the bottom.

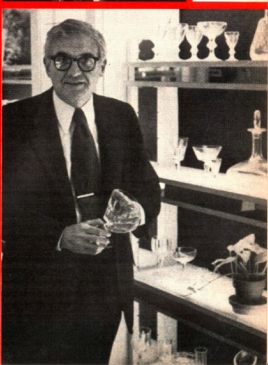
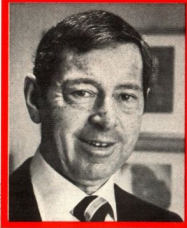
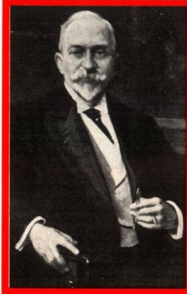
Of course, Lazarus, 61, the son of Fred Lazarus Jr., who helped found Federated 46 years ago, and Federated's President Harold Krensky, a former newspaperman, exercise far more authority than the chart shows. Still, Federated has kept its headquarters staff to 450—out of a corporate total of about 80,000 employees.

Headquarters' job is largely to advise the division managers: Lazarus and Krensky constantly tour the Federated circuit. In the spring of 1974, for example, they reported that Federated's staff of 40 forecasters and market researchers saw a severe recession coming, and warned all the stores to hold

down inventory. Result: not only did Federated's branches avoid the glut of unsold goods that plagued competitors last Christmas, but they had the money and warehouse space to start buying again in early 1975. While other stores were holding distress sales, says Lazarus, "we were able to get back into the market and buy desirable merchandise at desirable prices." A further result: inventory problems sank first-quarter 1975 profits of Sears, Roebuck & Co. and J.C. Penney Co. by an average of 74% below the 1974 period, but Federated bobbed up with a 9% gain.

While thus dispensing general guidance, Federated gives its divisions wide latitude to follow whatever merchandising strategies best cater to widely varying styles, tastes and incomes in each store's territory. In particular, Cincinnati headquarters has allowed Bloomingdale's full rein to exploit what it has long seen as its major market: young, affluent, fashion-conscious, trav-

CLOCKWISE FROM BELOW:
CO-FOUNDER LYMAN BLOOMINGDALE;
FEDERATED CHAIRMAN LAZARUS;
BLOOMINGDALE'S PRESIDENT TRAUB;
FEDERATED PRESIDENT KRENSKY





AFTER-HOURS WINE-TASTING

eled, professional people. They are attuned less to refrigerators and washing machines ("Bloominies" sells neither), more to clothes of fashion and quality, stereo equipment and wacky gadgetry for the compact Manhattan society of small apartments, crowded schedules and casual relationships. These consumers, to Bloomingdale's profit, go for such baubles as yogurt makers, \$30 peanut-butter-making machines, "male chauvinist pig" neckties (30,000 sold so far) and even "Pet Rocks" that, at \$4 each, roll over and play dead, sleep and stay in place—all on command. This market, Bloomingdale's has learned, enjoys tasting but does not stand still long enough to savor. It thrives on variety and excitement.

Thus Bloomingdale's does not merely display merchandise; it showcases it, turning the store into an adult Disneyland. Last week it was belts. In the men's store, hundreds of belts—leather, wool, seersucker, macramé, metal—bedeck rack upon rack.

Furniture exhibits plunge into the realm of fantasy. Private Worlds is a series of lavishly decorated model rooms, some with tapestries, another ("Château en Espagne," or castle in Spain) with a floor of cobblestones.

Behind the glitter lies a coolly calculated merchandising strategy. The flashy goods are a kind of patina on a store that also stocks many basic items: the customer—not necessarily young or particularly fashionable—who is willing to settle for a \$15 lamp can find one, but is more likely to come in to look at the latest in \$250 lamps. So Bloomingdale's seeks to make itself a trendsetter, sensing the farthest-out ideas its mar-

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

ket is ready for (or might be persuaded to accept), then moving in with appropriate goods and heavy promotion.

The method is not unique. All stores promote themselves, but Bloomingdale's does it louder, more frequently, and in unusual ways. It was the first to use eye-catching shopping bags, created by professional designers, starting in 1961; some, like one of this year's bags (a woman's face), do not even bear the store's name. Bloomingdale's uses almost anything to promote itself, even peanuts: 5 lbs. of them in a burlap sack labeled

have outnumbered the failures. The model rooms for displaying furniture in particular are powerful influences on home decorating. Through them, Bloomingdale's has popularized, if not originated, several "looks," at least parts of which have found their way into countless homes. Among them: fabric wall coverings, up-to-the-minute glass-and-chrome furniture mixed with 18th century traditional, and the concept of "wall hangings," wherein walls are used not just to hang pictures but also masks, baskets, statues and planters.

CUSTOMERS EXAMINING PET ROCKS
In six months, Middle America.

"Bloominies" sells for \$8. The "Pet Rock" was not a Bloomingdale's exclusive, but the store was the novelty's first advertiser—and made it a good traffic generator.

A generation ago, Bloomingdale's became the first store to promote housewares as more than pots and pans, selling such items as French soufflé molds, crêpe pans and fish poachers. Since then, Bloomingdale's has racked up a number of other merchandising firsts. It researched American quilt designs from the 18th century, took them to fabric makers and came up with an entire line of quilt-design wall coverings and bedspreads that soon were copied by others. About three years ago, it sent buyers to U.S. Indian reservations and New York's Museum of the American Indian, lined up manufacturers—not in the U.S. but in India—and soon began selling pillows, rugs, comforters, even stationery, with Indian-inspired designs.

Along the way, there have been costly mistakes. The attempt to promote a line of Bloomingdale's label cosmetics flopped. But the trendsetting successes

The creative processes behind Bloomingdale's push to be different are frequently marked by fierce debate. In the same way that stylists and engineers do battle in auto companies, fashion coordinators and buyers are sometimes at odds with each other at Bloomingdale's. Barbara D'Arcy, the store's director of design, wanted a newly styled shoe department in Bloomingdale's new White Plains branch. She called for putting shoes on a kind of stage, accessible by steps. Buyers balked, saying the design would turn off customers. Traub intervened, sided with D'Arcy, and fortunately so. The White Plains store is doing a booming shoe business.

However the approach might be categorized, it works. In the past seven years, Bloomingdale's Manhattan store alone has increased sales by more than 50%, to about \$160 million, v. the same for Macy's Herald Square store (with twice the selling space) and \$85 million for Gimbel's 33rd Street store. By the retail accountant's measurement, Bloomingdale's gets \$350 of sales this year out of each square foot of floor space—about four times the average for all U.S. department stores. Profits are not reported separately, but Federated has consistently kept as after-tax profit about 3.6% of each sales dollar, or as much as a third more than average. It is no secret that Bloomingdale's is one of the most profitable parts of Federated.

Such success has attracted attention far beyond the ranks of celebrities. Wall Street analysts have made Federated's stock one of their recommended buys, partly because of Bloomingdale's consistent appeal to upper-income shoppers. New York Advertising Executive Stephen Baker, in his forthcoming book *A Systematic Approach to Creative Advertising* (McGraw-Hill), suggests that ad copywriters drop into Bloomingdale's to "soak up inspiration."

Other retailers look on Bloomingdale's as the store to watch. Margaret Dadian, chief buyer for Kay Campbell Stores in Evanston, Ill., says of her frequent trips to New York: "I'd never miss seeing my grandchildren, but I'd never miss seeing Bloomingdale's." Nordstrom, a company that operates 17 stores in Washington, Oregon and Alaska, makes a point of sending buyers on pilgrimages to Bloomingdale's. "It is a very flex-

Opening the China Trade

Bloomingdale's has made itself a kind of international bazaar where shoppers take the pick of the globe almost for granted. How does the store do it? A good example is illustrated by its dealings with, of all places, the People's Republic of China.

"We thought that the Chinese had interesting merchandise that our customers would like," says President Marvin Traub, recalling how the venture began in 1971. When the White House lifted the embargo on trade that summer, Traub immediately called a friendly French importer of Chinese goods and persuaded him to redirect to Bloomingdale's a shipment already en route to France. Result: on Oct. 25, 1971, the very day the U.N. gave a seat to the People's Republic, Bloomingdale's opened its "China Passage" shop. The timing helped to make the shop an immediate hit. Woven rattan baskets, bamboo ladders and other simple items sold well. Bloomingdale's customers snapped up 4,000 blue cotton Mao suits—despite warnings that the wearers might turn blue since the dye was not fast.

Bloomingdale's has since regularly shopped the Canton Trade Fair and has imported nearly a million dollars' worth of Chinese products, putting some to uses for which they were not intended. Rattan headrests, a sort of pillow in Chi-

na, were stood on end, wired, and—presto!—became lamp bases. But Carl Levine, vice president in charge of home furnishings, was not satisfied; he wanted the Chinese to tailor products specifically for Bloomingdale's. Lacquered boxes and fans, which were decorated with floral patterns and calligraphy, had great potential, he thought, if their makers would forget the flowers and concentrate on the ideograms.

The puzzled Chinese replied that the flowers were the whole point of the decoration, and they would not permit Bloomingdale's executives to go to China outside trade-fair time to argue. Nor would they even answer the letters in which Levine suggested new designs. But two months ago, a delegation from China's National Light Industry Group toured

Bloomingdale's in Manhattan, and the leader was so impressed that he arranged for Levine to visit Peking. There, factory officials showed Levine samples of new products based on the designs he had mailed.

So, in about a year, Bloomingdale's will offer a modified version of the classic rattan peacock chair, fans, framed posters featuring, yes, calligraphy, and even some Chinese-made copies of American Indian baskets. After that? Well, says Fashion Coordinator Anne Bertsch, the store's international strategy has been to "start with more or less simple ideas, then graduate so that we are challenging manufacturers abroad to produce more spectacular items." The Chinese, it seems, will just have to learn to please choosy capitalists.



CHINESE FANS & TEAPOTS

ible store," says Merchandiser Jack McMillan. "It's quick to see and develop new lines." In Boston, once-staid Jordan Marsh has patterned part of itself after Bloomingdale's by introducing modern paintings and rock music into a section of its men's store.

Like other famous New York attrac-

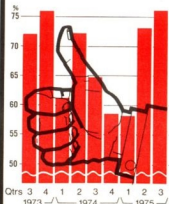
tions, Bloomingdale's has been visited by millions of tourists from all over the country. Now it is moving to sell to them in their home towns too. Current issues of *McCall's*, *Town & Country* and *Glamour* magazines carry four-page abbreviated Bloomingdale's catalogues offering 29 selections that can be ordered by mail from the store's "Christmas in New York Collection." Among them: a "Wonder Wok" for \$28, Aramis "executive" soaps for "your favorite male chauvinist," an electronic calculator in a silver Tiffany case for \$150 and Rudi Gernreich-styled underwear.

The catalogue is a striking illustration of Bloomingdale's willingness to try new ideas. It was suggested by Marketing Vice President Arthur Cohen exactly two days after he joined the company (from a top executive post at General Foods Corp.), with the mission to promote Bloomingdale's as a brand name for merchandise, rather than just the name of a store, and won instant approval from Traub. "He agreed right away to put the store's reputation on the line on a national basis," reports Cohen. He calculates that the minicatalogue will produce \$100,000 to \$250,000 in additional sales this Christmas; that will be exceptionally profitable volume, since Bloomingdale's got suppliers to pay nearly all the advertising cost. Already orders are flowing in from Rapid City, S. Dak.; Mitchell, Ind.; Beaver, Okla.; and Saginaw, Mich., among other places far from New York.

Bloomingdale's has been trying to snare customers in new ways almost from the day in 1872 when the store was founded by the brothers Bloomingdale—Lyman and Joseph. As an early lure, the store touted a "sky carriage," which was simply a trip in an elevator; nonetheless, Bloomingdale's was the

CONSUMER CONFIDENCE INDEX

(first quarter 1966 = 100)



SOURCE: University of Michigan Survey Research Center

TIME Chart: The Chartmakers Inc.

RETAIL SALES

(in billions of dollars) seasonally adjusted



TIME Chart: The Chartmakers Inc.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

first department store in New York to install that contraption.

Until after the end of World War II, Bloomingdale's was a fairly conventional store. Then J.E. Davidson, the store's boss from 1947 to 1967, began the big move. He dropped major appliances. Later Traub dropped other items that most competing stores carried: drugs, cameras, records. They sold well but did not earn much profit. In their place went goods aimed at people who had money to spend on more than boring necessities. The result in microcosm: Bloomingdale's sells no men's razors, but it does sell bloc of duck liver with green pepper.

For the past dozen years, the prime mover behind Bloomingdale's has been Marvin Traub, 50, co-leader with Chairman Lawrence Lachman of what has

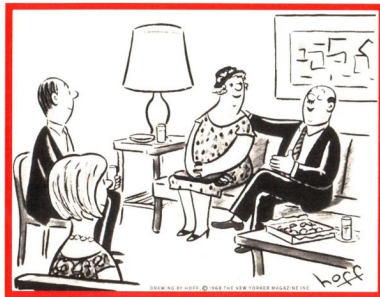
wine-tasting held to mark publication of a book, *The Joys of Wine*, which Bloomingdale's will sell for \$45, and a breakfast at which a mime helped celebrate the store's introduction of French-made watches to the U.S.

Traub has been especially aggressive in dispatching Bloomingdale's officials—first himself, later subordinates—to visit foreign manufacturers and persuade them to design goods specifically for Bloomingdale's. The store was the first to feature merchandise from Communist China (see box previous page). Bloomingdale's two years ago persuaded Philippine craftsmen to design rattan furniture to its specifications, but other retailers began selling copies. So this year the store requested a cinnabar finish or a glass-rattan combination.

At first Bloomingdale's had difficul-

Bloomingdale's," declares Michel Garcin, president of Lip Time, Inc., a U.S. subsidiary of the French watchmaker.

In fashion, the source of much of Bloomingdale's allure and a lot of its money, Traub and others among the Bloomingdale's gang—particularly the late Katie Murphy—helped make some of the biggest designers. When Murphy, who died unexpectedly last spring at 58, joined Bloomingdale's in 1967, one of her first moves was to introduce the designer shop—an enclave where the works of only one designer would be shown. The first such shop, opened in 1968, was for Michel and Chantal Faure of St-Tropez, then barely known even in France. Bloomingdale's sold hundreds of maxicoats under their MicMac label. The Faures now have 500 other clients, among them some of Bloomingdale's biggest competitors: Saks, Bonwit Teller and Lord & Taylor.



"Martha and I are happy enough. I have my work and she has Bloomingdale's."

become known throughout U.S. retailing as "the Bloomingdale's gang." Traub, the son of a corsetmaker, was wounded in World War II and came back with one leg shorter than the other; he wears a built-up shoe yet walks briskly and jogs ten minutes daily before leaving his Tudor-style home in Scarsdale. After graduating from Harvard Business School in 1949, he went to work briefly for Alexander's at \$100 a week as an assistant to George Farkas, the chief executive. In 1950 he switched to Bloomingdale's and moved through seven jobs in seven years. In 1962, at age 36, Traub was made merchandise manager; six years ago, he was named president.

In line with Bloomingdale's theme that the store is a "never-ending party," Traub has played host to some genuine after- or before-hours parties. This month alone he has presided over a

ty persuading foreign suppliers to go along with its ideas. About 15 years ago, Davidson, a discriminating gourmet, complained that the Roquefort cheese then being sold by Bloomingdale's was too salty. He sent Bob Gumpert, head of the Delicacies Shop, to the Roquefort caves in France to see what could be done. Nothing could be; an official of one of the leading producers asked, "Why should we change the taste for Bloomingdale's?" By 1965, though, Bloomingdale's muscle was being felt. Traub wanted the colors changed on Droste's chocolate packaging, and he sent the redoubtable Gumpert to Holland to get it done. Droste officials balked at first, then yielded.

Now suppliers, foreign or domestic, are eager to sell to Bloomingdale's on an exclusive basis, if only for a limited time. "There is no better store to start marketing a French product than

Halston, once Bergdorf Goodman's millinery designer, got his Bloomingdale's shop in 1969 and was there exclusively until about three years ago. Murphy persuaded Yves Saint Laurent to make clothes in the U.S., and Bloomingdale's opened a Saint Laurent shop before its competitors; it grosses about \$1 million a year. In Ralph Lauren, Bloomingdale's developed a designer from scratch. When Lauren was an unknown salesman of his own tie designs, Traub and Murphy encouraged him to do more ties, then men's suits and shoes, then women's blouses, skirts, pants and sleepwear. His boutiques now sell \$4 million annually, and Lauren has his own company.

Bloomingdale's is not without its detractors. Says a Sears official somewhat left-handedly: "We are in for the long pull. We aim for a broad middle market, which militates against jumping quickly in and out with new merchandise. Bloomingdale's is clearly one of a kind." Among customers there are carping about high prices, crowds and service. Heiress-Actress Dina Merrill likes the store's ice cream and housewares but buys no furniture there; she says the prices are too high. Sniffs Ilene Barth, editor of a Manhattan weekly newspaper: "People who go to Bloomingdale's don't trust their own taste."

But Traub is convinced that Bloomingdale's has found the formula for winning customers and boosting sales, even during times of economic uncertainty—and not only in the New York area. In the next two years Bloomingdale's will open two stores near Washington, D.C., its first major geographic expansion. But its influence is already felt coast-to-coast. Says an executive of one department-store chain at the other end of the continent from Bloomingdale's, "What is happening there will be happening in Middle America six months to a year from now." Considering Bloomingdale's aggressiveness, he might not even have that long to wait.

OUTLOOK

Pushing Ahead

From various quarters last week came a barrage of statistics indicating that the recovery, though still dogged by worryingly high inflation, is making steady progress. The key reports:

► Consumer prices rose at an annual rate of 8.7% in October, a clear backsliding from the September pace of 6.2%. But the biggest jumps were in meat and dairy products, which are not likely to rise so sharply in coming months. Indeed, Department of Agriculture economists reckon that in 1976 food prices overall should go up by 5%, compared with a 9% climb expected this year.

► Personal income climbed \$12.7 billion in October, to an annual rate of just under \$1.3 trillion. The increase was the smallest in three months. Even so, earnings of workers rose just about as much as prices between September and October, so the buying power of wage earners did not suffer.

► Corporate profits jumped to an annual rate of \$134.1 billion before taxes in the third quarter. That was up 32.5% from the first-quarter low of \$101.2 billion, and the second-highest July-September rate on record, exceeded only by \$157 billion in the third quarter of 1974.

► Housing starts in October rose 15% from the month before, to an annual rate of 1,458,000. But permits for new construction did not go up that rapidly, so the rate of housing starts might fall back again.

► Production of goods and services in the third quarter shot up even more rapidly than first reported. The Commerce Department calculates that real gross national product—output minus inflation—leaped at an annual rate of 13.2%, v. a preliminary estimate of 11.2%.

► Interest rates continued to drop. First National City Bank of New York cut its prime rate on loans to blue-chip businesses a quarter-point, to 7%.

► Automakers finally started to step up production to reflect higher sales. Ford announced that it would produce 6,500 more cars and 6,000 more trucks before the end of the year than it had planned. General Motors increased production of Pontiacs in Lakewood, Ga., recalling 2,200 workers—some of whom have been laid off since March 1974.

POLICY

Seeds at the Summit

The economic summit meeting at the Château de Rambouillet outside Paris fulfilled the modest expectations. The heads of government of the U.S., France, Britain, West Germany, Italy and Japan pledged greater cooperation

in managing their increasingly interdependent economies and agreed to fight vigorously against "high unemployment, continuing inflation and serious energy problems" without so much as hinting at any specific measures by which these grand goals might be accomplished. The reaction of many observers, and some aides to the government chiefs, was summed up by London's *Daily Express*, which dubbed the gathering "Non-Event of the Year."

But some work did get done at the meeting. Most significant was a cautious French-American compromise on money-exchange rates, looking toward more stability in world currency markets. The agreement had been under negotiation

rates. If the banks determine that currency rates are swinging sharply and illogically, because of speculative activity, perhaps, they will buy and sell currencies in enough volume to stabilize the markets. But they will not move to stop exchange-rate fluctuations caused by obvious economic factors, such as different levels of interest rates in various countries.

Longer-range, to mollify the French, the U.S. agreed that some time or another there should be a return to fixed rates, which—except in special circumstances—would oblige each nation to keep its currency at a specified par value. The French, for their part, set no deadline. Vague as all this sounds, the



MME. GISCARD, PRESIDENT FORD & FRENCH CHIEF OF GOVERNMENT
A vague move toward stability in currency markets.

between the two countries for two months; it was wrapped up by U.S. Secretary of the Treasury William Simon and French Finance Minister Jean-Pierre Fourcade at a lunch in Paris in time to be approved by Presidents Ford and Valéry Giscard d'Estaing at the summit.

Specific details of the agreement still have not been published, but its broad outlines seem to satisfy both the U.S. desire to continue the system of floating exchange rates, under which international supply and demand determine the value of currencies, and the French desire to avoid violent swings in currency values. France and other countries have argued that erratic ups and downs in money values discourage international trade and investment. The heart of the agreement is that central banks of the major industrial countries—how many is unknown—will establish a new system of daily consultations on exchange

agreement holds at least some promise of calming world currency markets.

The summit participants also agreed on a resounding condemnation of protectionist measures that impede world trade, and pledged themselves by 1977 to bring to a fruitful conclusion the current round of world trade negotiations that is aimed at lowering tariffs and tearing down other barriers to the movement of goods across national borders. Americans had been concerned that the other heads of government might prod Ford to take the possibly inflationary course of speeding up the American recovery so that the U.S. would buy more foreign products. That fear proved unfounded. Said Secretary of State Henry Kissinger: "After the President explained our economic program, the other countries substantially accepted it." In sum, face-to-face discussions seemed to give the six leaders a better grasp of each other's problems.

Taking Chances

"I wanted to give meaning to my own time, to be the unattainable luring love that drives men on, the angel of light, the best of the universe made womankind, the living sacrifice, the end! Shit."

—Carla (in *Kennedy's Children*)

"I never aspired to be a sex symbol, let alone Marilyn Monroe. In the end, trying to be a sex goddess can only bring pain and despair. If the career has not been based on a creative ideal, then where is that solid bit of your life?"

—Shirley Knight

Nowhere is that solid bit more apparent than in Shirley Knight's performance as Carla in *Children*, the Robert Patrick drama now on Broadway about five members of the generation that got lost during the '60s. Carla's dream is to become the next Marilyn. Instead, she ends up an embittered go-go dancer. Knight plays Carla with the depth of understanding of one who might have had that dream herself. She goes beyond Carla's sometimes banal lines to give a poignant picture of a woman whose one distinction has led to defeat.

Her performance poses a good question not much heard either now or in the '60s: What is wrong with being beautiful?

Knight, 39, may not have aspired to be a sex symbol, but she is possibly protesting a little too much. After all, 20 years ago she set out for Hollywood from Kansas with little more than cornsilk blonde hair and with legs, so the expression goes, that went all the way down to the floor. Shortly thereafter she was a Sunday supplement cover girl possessed of "a dewy freshness that is a blessing to behold." But Shirley was also a natural actress before cameras. Before long she had earned two Academy Award nominations (for *Sweet Bird of Youth* and *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*).

Shirley was far from tinsel town's idea of a blessing. Calling the industry moguls "blockheads," she stormed East to New York in 1962. "I guess I just didn't want to be Natalie Wood," she told the press on arrival. She studied with Lee Strasberg, won a Venice Film Festival award for her role as a subway seductress in *LeRoi Jones' Dutchman*, and earned a reputation as a terror on Broadway. Once, to protest what she felt was a director's incompetence, she single-

handed trashed the set of a play. "I'm a practical person, but a bit of me is arrogant, even hostile," says Shirley now.

"My family is right out of *The Grapes of Wrath*," Knight says. She was raised in the tiny town of Mitchell, Kans. Shirley Enola got her early education in a one-room schoolhouse. Her Oklahoma-born father was the only one in his family to finish grade school, but unlike Pa Joad of Steinbeck's novel, he finally made it big—in oil. Shirley is proud: "He supports everybody in sight now. He has two Lincoln Continentals and a mobile home parked in his driveway."

Gusty Emotions. As a child, she spent Saturday afternoons listening to Metropolitan Opera radio broadcasts. She decided to become a singer. "When I was ten, Horace Heidt held an amateur talent show in Lyons," Knight recalls. "My mother bought me a new dress from Sears for the show." Shirley sang *In My Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown*, but her younger sister Gloria won the contest with a rendition of *On a Slow Boat to China*. Says Shirley: "I cried."

She is still a lady of gusty emotions and fervently held opinions. The dearth of roles for actresses is something of a

crusade with her: "Sure women can get leads, like being a silly TV cop, if there is a man there to support them." She even tried quitting. For most of the past five years she has been living in England with Second Husband John Hopkins, an English playwright, playing housewife to her two daughters and doing needlepoint. She has returned, she says, because "I discovered that acting is what I do best." The Hopkins family now lives in suburban Chappaqua, N.Y. Her next role, as a woman who becomes sexually involved with another woman, has been written for her by her husband. The practical side of Shirley might find it a bit discomfiting. The professional Knight can't wait. Says she: "I want to do work that takes chances."

To Catch a Thief

"Hey, luv, look whose picture's on the telly. If that's not Charley from the butchers, I'll stand you a pint." If Charley it is, chances are he'll wish he'd stuck to grinding hamburger. That is, if the viewer rings up the number flashed on the screen. The Charleys who appear on this London television show, *Police 5*, are wanted by Scotland Yard. Sitting-room sleuths see replicas of stolen property and real-life crimes re-enacted on their screens, and they are invited to phone in ideas as to who did it.

When the sirens shriek from London TV sets each Friday evening, 3 million viewers are chafing to join the hunt. Viewers have called the Yard with tips that lead to an average 100 arrests a year; the Yard credits the five-minute show with 71 arrests for the first six months of 1975. One woman was surprised, then terrified when she recognized a police artist's sketch as that of her lover. Seems he had hacked his wife into pieces and spread the remains over a golf course.

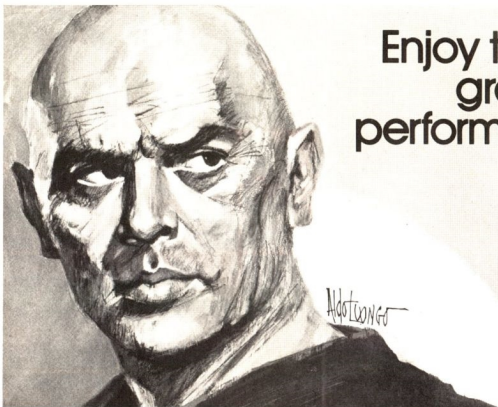
More often than not, the crimes described by *Police 5* host Shaw Taylor are less bizarre—assaults or auto thefts. The drama is kept to a minimum. "We are not in the business of competing with *Kojak* or *The Streets of San Francisco*," says a Yard spokesman. Still, for the past two years the show has consistently been one of the ten top-rated weekend shows on the telly.

Police 5's success has led to adaptations in West Germany and Hong Kong. New York City police are also feeding clues to two local TV news programs. Back in England, Shaw Taylor, a Peter Sellers look-alike, now hosts *Junior Police 5* as well. He cautions tots to consult their parents before taking action, however. The Yard, it seems, does not want a raft of naive informers telling them that the stolen stereos on the show are stashed down in Mum and Dad's basement.

SHIRLEY KNIGHT AT HOME IN CHAPPAQUA, N.Y.



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Feeling Jung

JUNG AND THE STORY OF OUR TIME
by LAURENS VAN DER POST
276 pages. Pantheon, \$10.

If Sigmund Freud was the Moses of Old Testament psychiatry, Carl Jung was its presumptive Joshua. Freud led modern man to the promising territory of the unconscious mind, but, destined to play the Wandering Jew, he was denied his share of milk and honey. Instead, there was the bitter pessimism of his *Civilization and Its Discontents*. Jung, the son of a Swiss Protestant clergyman, was born with a spiritual sweet tooth.

analysis. The characters in his own dreams included Salome, Siegfried, Elijah, and once, Freud as an Austrian customs agent. Jung the theoretician made his name synonymous with such terms as archetype, introvert and extravert. Jung the religious healer believed the goal of psychiatry was to release and develop the divine within each individual. He broke with Freud by placing unsatisfied spiritual hungers rather than repressed sexuality at the center of personality disorders. Freudians could always counter that those pangs are just another symptom of stifled libido.

The best known of Jung's psychoanalytic heresies is his formulation of a

DMITRI KESSEL



PSYCHOANALYST CARL JUNG AT LAKESIDE IN ZURICH, SWITZERLAND, 1949
Filling in the blanks of the universal crossword puzzle.

He had a craving to heal the soul's wounds, to make a oneness of good and evil, darkness and light, masculinity and femininity.

Jung rushed in where Freud feared to tread: into an exotic Zion built on scientific method but furnished by the ages. There was a place in Jung's world for the philosophy of ancient Asia and classical Greece, for the Gnosticism of early Christianity, for the Renaissance, the Reformation, the Enlightenment, for Romanticism and the occult.

As a clinician, Jung pioneered in word-association techniques and dream

collective unconscious—a timeless, unbounded level of awareness that exists outside history and culture. It is a kind of mother lode of mankind's mythologies and symbols, not rationally conceived but intuited through dreams and visions. A vast scholarship supported these theories. Whether or not one accepts them in the mystical sense, there is no denying the energy and intellect behind their authorship. Jung had the capacity to treat the universe as if it were an enormous crossword puzzle. Everything was interrelated; starting at any point, he could fill in all the blanks.

Since his death in 1961 at the age of

86, some of the most challenging parts of what is called Jungian seem to have slipped from public attention. This is hardly surprising: Jung is a larger-than-life figure in an age that prefers its gurus bite-sized and unit-priced. The novelist and explorer Laurens van der Post, who was a friend of Jung's, would probably agree. In fact, his book seems an impassioned missionary effort to portray Jung as an angelic messenger from the gods, communicating in a series of dreams, omens and thunderclaps. On the very afternoon that Jung died in Zurich, writes van der Post, "lightning struck his favorite tree in the garden." Van der Post was on a ship bound from Africa at the time. Unaware that his old friend had died, he had a vision of Jung atop the Matterhorn. He was waving and calling out, "I'll be seeing you." Some years later, van der Post was filming a documentary at the Jung house in Zurich. "When the moment came for me to speak directly to the camera about Jung's death," he recalls, "and I came to the description of how lightning demolished Jung's favorite tree, the lightning struck in the garden again." Van der Post's achievements as a lucid and reliable journalist make it difficult to dismiss these strange experiences out of hand. One may simply accept or reject his version of the events.

Too Narrow. The rest of the book, however, cannot be handled so easily. As biography, *Jung* is far too narrow and restricted. The psychoanalytic revolution frequently exists as a backdrop for the author's efforts to treat Jung's life as heroic, supernatural drama. The account of Jung's professional association with the Nazis during the mid-1930s is narrated with deliberate vagueness. Instead of an analysis of the analyst, the disciple uncritically labels Jung "one of the greatest universal personalities since the Renaissance." That neon statement distracts from Jung's true contribution: the provision of a balance for the reductive scientism that has made 20th century man feel smaller than he is or wants to be.

R.Z. Sheppard

Of Sin and Grace

MEMOIRS
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
264 pages. Doubleday, \$8.95.

Tennessee Williams stands in an apostolic succession from Aeschylus in that slender company of men who, by vocation, are destined to write high drama. Within his own life span, Williams' characters, scenes and lines have become part of the civilized world's fabric. But Williams is a lyric playwright, and these prose memoirs, no matter how candid, cannot quite resolve the mystery of his artistic gifts. Since he

BOOKS

writes as naturally as birds fly (one of his nicknames is "Bird"), the book is immensely readable as well as valuable. It radiates good humor, randiness, poignancy and a gallant resilience of spirit. If Williams' sensibility could be compressed to a single line, it would be Terence's "Nothing human is alien to me."

The memoirs are not written chronologically. They shift backward and forward in time without warning. The whole "thing," as he calls his book, is a relief map of the Williams temperament. One particularly pertinent section concerns early traumas. The family move from Mississippi to St. Louis, when Tennessee was about eight years old, was devastating to the boy. In his mind, it became an expulsion from the Elysian fields to a dingy urban purgatory. He promptly contracted something diagnosed as diphtheria, which rendered him bedridden and turned his nature inward toward solitary fantasy. The resemblance to O'Neill's bout with TB is unmistakable.

A second trauma was his elder sister Rose's prefrontal lobotomy in 1938, one of the earliest performed in the U.S. In some fundamental way, Rose was Tennessee's muse, the "White Goddess," in Robert Graves' term, who inspired him to write. She, of course, is the crippled Laura of *The Glass Menagerie*. But his mother, whom he calls "Miss Edwina," has been the love-hate pivot of his life. Quite apart from supplying the model for the memorable Amanda Wingfield in *Menagerie*, this formidable

lady, now in her 90th year, stamped certain irreversible traits on Tennessee's attitudes, character and dramatic style. Valiant in coping with her stingy shoe-salesman husband Cornelius' early desertion of the family, self-willed and prone to fits of delusive grandeur as a Southern gentlewoman, Miss Edwina is the greatest single influence on Williams' life and work. When Tennessee uses such locations as "the study of equitation" for horseback riding or "none of us had breath to waste on the totally fruitless complaint that we were not being fed with spoons of precious metal," that is his mother talking. The arias of gentility in Williams' plays, whether they be those of Amanda Wingfield, Blanche du Bois or Hannah Jelkes (*The Night of the Iguana*), derive from maternal speech patterns. Mrs. Williams' predilections are also present in her son's fondness for plush hotels, in his dropping—and sometimes drop-kicking—names and in his notion that people, particularly critics, are not properly gynecological before some of his poorer works.

Cruising Tours. Whatever cocktail-party gibber is stirred by the *Memoirs* will not stem from any of the above. It will arise from a portrait of the artist as a homosexual superstud. Why Tennessee chose to make this assault on his own privacy is not entirely clear. The confessional mode has been much in vogue in recent years, and perhaps he wanted everyone to know that he has had plenty of "gentlemen callers" in his time. In any case, his reminiscences take the reader on detailed "cruising" tours for sailors, to gay bars, to one-night stands that in at least one instance ended in a bloody beating. It is a gamy, scarcely edifying spectacle; yet Tennessee's all-too-human needs elicit compassion. Loneliness terrifies him, as it does most of us, and he has a hunger for tenderness and love, as do most of us.

Williams' great love was Frank Merlo, a wiry Sicilian American nicknamed "the Little Horse," with whom he lived for 14 years. As late as 1962, when Merlo was afflicted by lung cancer, he was an unflinching model of loyalty and affection. He saw that Tennessee kept his appointments, fended off tedious interviews and nursed the dramatist's continually bruised ego.

The tidal wave of drugs and alcohol that engulfed Williams through the '60s may be traced, conjecturally, to his desertion of the dying Merlo, though Tennessee quite probably did not know Merlo was mortally ill at that time. Williams has since been pursued by that self-imposed guilt, and though he has learned to live with culpability, it never entirely leaves him. The stained past has become part of an abiding sense of sin, and of God's redeeming grace, with which Williams' life and dramas are saturated. One of his students once asked the great Protestant theologian Paul Tillich about the



MOTHER "MISS EDWINA" WILLIAMS
Love-hate pivot.

meaning of Christian existentialism. Tillich replied: "Read the plays of Tennessee Williams." The book of Tennessee Williams may now be added to that testament.

T.E. Kalem

Burnt-Out Cases

GUERRILLAS
by V.S. NAIPAUL
248 pages, Knopf, \$7.95.

Three burnt-out cases smolder on a Caribbean island. Roche, 45, is an altruistic white whose support of black causes once earned him torture in a South African jail. Now he is the house humanitarian for a local corporation, supervising a back-to-the-land project. Its design: to drain revolutionary energy away from foreign investments and native rulers. Jimmy Ahmed, a racial mix of yellow, black and white, runs this sham commune as a means of assembling responsive young boys; his heart is back in London, where trendy liberals once puffed him up from criminal to Third World celebrity. Roche's English mistress is a bored adventuress who likes to taunt men. This trio forms, as things turn out, a *ménage* made in hell.

In his first novel in four years, V.S. Naipaul, 43, again proves himself the laureate of the West Indies. As he would admit, that distinction is not without irony. Naipaul once called this locale the "end of the world," and he should know. Born in Trinidad of Indian parents and educated in England, he is a native expatriate with a fine distaste for patriotic rhetoric. In *The Loss of El Dorado* he outlined the history of his birthplace as a *dance macabre* of oppressors and oppressed.

Guerrillas is thus conspicuously

PLAYWRIGHT-MEMOIRIST TENNESSEE WILLIAMS



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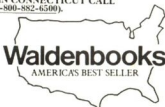
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BOOKS

short of heroes. Far from ennobling him, his suffering in prison has left Roche passive and chastened. "You must understand," he tells Jane, "I have always accepted authority." Jane talks fashionably about the world going up in flames, not because she cares for the wretched of the earth but because she is a snob; she does not believe that life could be better, only that existence for people of her breeding is not as nice as it once was. In between lurid fantasies of sexual violence, Ahmed is petulantly worried that a revolution may go on without him at the helm: "When everybody wants to fight, there's nothing to fight for. Everybody wants to fight his own little war, everybody is a guerrilla." The native politicians are corrupt, the foreign businessmen avaricious, and the people either lethargic or criminal. When an uprising does flare, it is nasty and inept.

Perhaps no one but Naipaul has the inside and outside knowledge to have turned such a dispirited tale into so gripping a book. His island is built entirely of vivid descriptions and offhand dialogue. At the end, it has assumed a political and economic history, a geography and a population of doomed, selfish souls. Partisans of all stripes will argue that Naipaul has maligned their ideologies: not all revolutionary leaders are pathological pervers, not all benevolent whites are deluded do-gooders. These caveats are as irrelevant as they are true. *Guerrillas* is not a polemic (polemicists will be annoyed) but a Conradian vision of fallibility and frailty. With economy and compassion, Naipaul draws the heart of darkness from a sun-struck land.

Paul Gray

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—*Ragtime, Doctorow* (2 last week)
- 2—*Curtain, Christie* (1)
- 3—*The Greek Treasure, Stone* (4)
- 4—*Humboldt's Gift, Bellow* (5)
- 5—*Looking for Mr. Goodbar, Rossmore* (6)
- 6—*Shogun, Clavell* (3)
- 7—*The Choirboys, Wambaugh* (8)
- 8—*The Eagle Has Landed, Higgins* (7)
- 9—*Nightwork, Shaw*
- 10—*In the Beginning, Patai*

NONFICTION

- 1—*Sylvia Porter's Money Book, Porter* (1)
- 2—*Bring On the Empty Horses, Niven* (2)
- 3—*Winning Through Intimidation, Ringer* (3)
- 4—*Money, Galbraith* (5)
- 5—*The Relaxation Response, Benson* (6)
- 6—*Power, Karda* (4)
- 7—*Making It in the Market, Ney*
- 8—*Against Our Will, Brownmiller*
- 9—*Total Fitness, Marehouse & Gross* (8)
- 10—*TM: Discovering Inner Energy and Overcoming Stress, Bloomfield, Cain & Jaffe* (10)

Engaged. Andrew Jacobs Jr., 43, fifth-term congressman from Indiana and son of a former House member; and Martha Keys, 45, first-term congresswoman from Kansas.

Died. Dr. Detlev Bronk, 78, former president of both Johns Hopkins and Rockefeller Universities and founding father of American biophysics; after a brief illness; in Manhattan. An advocate of curriculum reform, in the early 1950s Bronk inaugurated the Hopkins Plan, under which qualified undergraduates were allowed to take courses at the university's graduate school. He transformed the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research into a university by adding a graduate program that gave no grades and conferred only doctorates. He staffed it with a brilliant faculty that outnumbered the student body by 2 to 1 when he retired in 1968. Bronk served as a science adviser to Presidents Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy while he headed the National Academy of Sciences from 1950 to 1962. When the Russians launched the first satellite, Sputnik I, in 1957, Bronk sounded a cold war alarm and warned Americans to abandon "shorter work

weeks and longer coffee breaks," lest they fall behind the Soviet scientific establishment.

Died. Generalissimo Francisco Franco y Bahamonde, 82, dictator of Spain since 1939, who once declared himself "responsible only to God and history"; in Madrid (see THE WORLD).

Died. Harry Anslinger, 83, single-minded head of the Treasury Department's Bureau of Narcotics from its creation in 1930 until he retired in 1962; in Hollidaysburg, Pa. Convinced that "all dope" from marijuana to morphine was dangerous, the bull-necked, bald Anslinger wanted to "get rid of drugs, pushers, and users. Period." He urged judges to jail offenders, then "throw away the key." After Anslinger helped push through the Marijuana Tax Act in 1937, arguing that "an epidemic of dope addiction" was crippling America's youth, marijuana was virtually banned from medical practice and deleted from the *United States Pharmacopoeia*. Anslinger denounced as "soft" all proposals to legalize drugs or to adopt British-model maintenance programs for dispensing heroin to registered addicts.

Died. Ernest Hamlin Baker, 86, meticulous artist who executed nearly 400 cover portraits for TIME over a period of 20 years; following a lung embolism; in Norton, Mass. Starting with the Polish Pianist-Statesman Ignace Paderewski in 1939, Baker's subjects included William Randolph Hearst, John L. Lewis, Dwight Eisenhower and Charles de Gaulle.

Died. Arthur Ernest Morgan, 97, educational innovator, author and chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority from 1933 until 1938, when F.D.R. dismissed him following a policy dispute; in Xenia, Ohio. A surveyor's son, Morgan studied civil engineering in the early 1900s and became one of the nation's top specialists in flood control. In 1913, after a flood hit Dayton, Morgan went there to build the first major diversion reservoir in the U.S. During the next few years, he noticed that many of the college-trained engineers working for him lacked practical skill; to remedy the situation, in 1920 he became president of Antioch, a small college in Ohio, and set up the now famous curriculum that combines periods of study with periods of on-the-job training.



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